

Michx. L. 158. h. 184.

Gen. Sheridan. L. 175.

HOURS & HOME.

A POPULAR MAGAZINE OF

RELIGIOUS AND USEFUL LITERATURE.

VOL. I.—JUNE, 1865.—No. 2.

GERMAN PAINTERS OF THE MODERN SCHOOL.

OVERBECK.

If I were asked what a religious artist of the middle ages was like—if any one would wish to learn what was the devout life and the earnest work of an old Italian painter—I would, without hesitation, point to Overbeck. Here is a man the very type not only of what history tells us the spiritual painter was, but also the personal realization of that which the mind conceives the Christian artist should be. It has been my privilege not unfrequently to visit the studio of this venerable man; to listen to his hushed voice, solemn in earnestness of purpose, and touched with the pathetic tones which rise from sympathy; to look upon that head gently bowed upon the shoulders, the face furrowed with thoughts which for eighty years have worn deep channels, the forehead and higher regions of the brain rising to a saint-like crown; and never have I left those rooms, where Christian Art found purest examples, without feeling towards the artist himself gratitude and affection. The world, indeed, owes to such a man no ordinary debt. The Art of Europe had

fallen, and Overbeck believed that to him was entrusted its restoration. His life has been a mission, his labor a ministration, and as years rolled on a gathering solemnity shadowed round his work. That work was the building up of the ruined structure of Christian Art. And thus Overbeck became the founder of the modern school of religious painting, and his name is now identified with the forms of pure and spiritual beauty which clothe the Christian faith. As a father, then, of the so-called "Christian school of painting," purified from paganism, and delivered from the carnal allurements of corrupt renaissance masters, Overbeck will now claim our reverent yet critical regard.

The life of Overbeck, like that of other quiet, self-contained, and inwardly-centred men, has been unmarked by startling incident. Cornelius, as we have seen in our memoir of last month, was born at Dusseldorf in the year 1787; Overbeck, his brother in Art, his companion in labor, his fellow-citizen in Rome, came into the world two years later, in the ancient, gothic, and gable-built town of Lubeck,

a free port on the Baltic. It has often been said that nature never repeats the same types, nor history recurs to identical situations; yet between the Art epochs and the Art leaders in Rome of the sixteenth and the nineteenth centuries, rise analogies which strike the mind as something more than accidental. In these periods, divided by an interval of three centuries, were alike existent two opposing schools, the one distinguished by spiritual expression, the other by physical power. In Italy of the fifteenth and the sixteenth centuries, Fra Angelico, Perugino, and the youthful Raphael, clothed Christian Art in tenderest lineaments of beauty. On the other hand, Signorelli and Michael Angelo, of the opposite school, attained unwonted grandeur through massive muscular development. And so we shall see, likewise, it happened within living memory, when new birth was to be given to noble Art, that the two contrary yet oftentimes coöperative principles from the first prevailed, the one steadfast in spirit, the other stalwart in the flesh; the one which in the middle ages, had acknowledged Raphael for its disciple, the other which was proud to recognize Michael Angelo its giant master—the one which, in our own day, inspired the loving devotion of Overbeck, the other which commands the stern service of Cornelius. And thus, as we have said, history is here, in remarkable analogies, repeating herself. The world of modern German Art, as that of old, divides itself into two hemispheres: Overbeck rules as the modern Raphael over the one; Cornelius, as a German Michael Angelo, bears iron sway over the other. Overbeck is the St. John which leaned in love on the bosom of our Lord; Cornelius is St. Peter, strong as a rock on which to build the Church. And as with Michael Angelo followers were wanting, so with Cornelius, he walks in that “*terribil via*” wherein few can venture to tread. The lot of Overbeck is more blessed. Like to Raphael, his forerunner, he draws by love all men unto him; near to him, through fellowship of endearing sympathy, warmed by the emotion which beauty, akin to goodness, in the universal heart begets.

The biography of an artist such as Overbeck is not so much the record of events as the register of thoughts, the chronicle of those specific ideas which have given to his pictures an express character, and the recognition of the living faith which begets followers and creates a school. Overbeck, in the year 1808, at the age of twenty-one, went to Vienna, to pursue his studies in the academy of that city. Already we find his mind brooding over the thoughts which fifty years later had become visibly engraven on his countenance, and were legibly transferred to his canvas. Overbeck in Vienna soon grew impatient of cold academic teaching, and to the much lauded pictures of Guido and others of the eclectic school he was indifferent. Enthusiasm he reserved for the early masters of Italy and Germany, whose earnestness and simplicity taught him how far modern painters had wandered from the true and narrow way. Other students he knew to be like minded. The zeal of the youthful artists seems to have overstepped discretion. Refusing to take further counsel of the director of the Academy, and despising the classic style then in vogue at Vienna, Overbeck and his associates broke out into revolt, and were in consequence expelled from the schools. This happened in the year 1810, and immediately the rebels, nothing daunted, betook themselves to the more congenial atmosphere of Rome, and there chose the deserted cells of the cloister of San Isidoro for their dwelling and studio. The Art-brotherhood grew in zeal and in knowledge, and for ten years these painters kept close company, mutually confirming the common faith, all putting their shoulders together to meet the brunt of opposition.

The numerous works which crowd the busy life of Overbeck, afford evidence of teeming invention and untiring industry. These creations are divisible into three classes: outline compositions of the nature of cartoons, frescoes executed in churches or palaces, and lastly, oil or easel pictures. When first I visited the studio of Overbeck, some sixteen years ago, then located in the palace of the

As theology itself, so also theological style, has not yet been emancipated from the old, cold, dialectic, and formally learned drawling of scholasticism. In so far as there has been any reaction it has for the most part been toward the opposite mistake of putting style upon stilts. It has sought not so much to be charmed by the beauty of chaste simplicity as to propel itself by the momentum of wind. Its poetry is the flaming bombast of a youth's first verses, rather than the ripe, warm-hearted, prophet-like utterances of patriarchal simplicity. Hence the pulpit style of the land, with much that is worthy of all acceptance, exhibits on the one extreme wing a prosy dullness, and on the other a windy sensation character. Every attempt at beauty of style where the æsthetic sense has not received true cultivation, tends only to make both the speaker, and, so far as his example has weight, the truth itself ridiculous.

It must not be forgotten that the æsthetic taste in the people needs as much to be cultivated as any other part of their nature. This can only be accomplished

by a leader who is himself living under its power.

The Christian ministry also, indirectly at least, owes something to the literature and the literary taste of the land. Literature is no profane thing, which the minister may ignore, but falls in the sphere of those high interests of earth which are to be sanctified by Christianity, and transfused with its life, spirit, and beauty. It is not intended as any disparagement to the other learned professions when we say, that in our restless and rushing age and country, the conservation of eloquence in public speaking as well as elegance in literature rests mainly with the Christian ministry. Where, then, if not from the pulpit shall the ears of the people be pleasantly greeted with the pure, fresh, and classic ring of their own vernacular language. Here must be cultivated and conserved the high interests of æsthetic taste, as well for the sake of the truth proclaimed, as for the true elevation of the taste of those who are habitually listening to it.

BISHOP BERKELEY IN AMERICA.

On the twenty-fourth of January, 1729, the town of Newport in Rhode Island, which then numbered about 6,000 inhabitants, and was regarded as "the most thriving flourishing place in America for its bigness," welcomed to its capacious harbor, "a pretty large ship," which had come from over the seas, bearing among its passengers, a distinguished minister of the Church of England.

Such dignitaries, like professors from Oxford in our day, were then by no means common in these Puritan colonies, and it is not surprising to find that the town was thrown into great excitement by this unexpected arrival, and that the intelligence was at once communicated to one of the three newspapers of New England, which were published in Boston.

Here is the announcement which ap-

peared in the columns of the *New England Weekly Journal*:

"*Newport, Jan. 24, 1729.*

"Yesterday arrived here, Dean Berkeley of Londonderry, in a pretty large ship. He is a gentleman of middle stature, of an agreeable pleasant aspect. He was ushered into the town with a great number of gentlemen, to whom he behaved himself after a very complaisant manner. 'Tis said he proposes to tarry with his family about three months."

By what kind of magnetism a ship laden with this eminent ecclesiastic could have been drawn into the harbor of Narragansett, has been a matter of some question, and various stories have been circulated to account for the occurrence.

All who are acquainted with the out-

lines of the Bishop's life, are aware that he was filled with truly apostolic zeal for the spiritual welfare of the American aborigines. He had devised a plan for establishing in the Summer Islands or isles of Bermuda, an endowed college. He had secured from the British government a charter for the proposed establishment under the name of "St. Pauls," over which he proposed in person to preside, with the expectation of being useful in two ways—by educating the savage Americans, and by training up a ministry for the English Church in the Colonies.

"Ten pounds a year," he says in his prospectus, "would, if I mistake not, be sufficient to defray the expense of a young American in the college of Bermuda, as to diet, lodging, clothes, books and education, and if so, the interest of two hundred pounds may be a perpetual fund for maintaining one missionary at the college forever; and in this succession, many it is hoped, may become powerful instruments for converting to Christianity and civil life whole nations who now sit in darkness and the shadow of death, and whose cruel, brutal manners are a disgrace to human nature."

Such were the hopes which inspired the benevolent Dean, and such were the plans which he determined to accomplish in spite of the derision of Dean Swift or the opposition of Sir Robert Walpole.

But how came the president of St. Pauls to be landed in the harbor of Newport?

Among the traditions which have obtained currency, one of the most detailed is given in Updike's History of the Narragansett church. The substance of it is that the captain of Berkeley's vessel could not find the island of Bermuda, and having given up the search for it, steered northward till he discovered land unknown to him, but which proved to be Block Island at the entrance of Long Island Sound. Two men who there offered their services as pilots, informed the ship-master that he was near the town of Newport, and told the Dean that Rev. Mr. Honeyman, an English missionary, was the minister of a church near by. So without delay a landing was effected. But this story and sev-

eral other traditions, are contradicted by the Dean's own words. It appears from his letters that he set sail from Gravesend with the intention of proceeding directly to Rhode Island. Here he intended to make arrangements for providing his prospective college with the necessary rations and probably to establish a correspondence with influential New Englanders. Newport, at that time, bade fair to be a commercial city of the first importance, and for this and other reasons, it was certainly an inviting place for the president of St. Pauls to select as the centre of his continental acquaintance and operations.

The Dean, at this time, was forty-five years old. For several years he had cherished his favorite scheme, and he now believed himself so near its accomplishment that the time had come to open the proceedings in the scenes of his expected labors. Parliament in 1725, had granted a charter which the king had approved, and a gift of twenty thousand pounds had been promised the establishment, on conditions which were in every way favorable to the beneficent purposes of the projector. But Sir Robert Walpole, then First Lord of the Treasury, contrived innumerable excuses for withholding this sum, without openly refusing to pay it, and he thus succeeded in frustrating a scheme for which the Dean was ready to sacrifice everything.

Just before setting sail from England, Berkeley had been married to a daughter of Hon. John Forster, speaker of the Irish House of Commons, and his wife accompanied him on the voyage. The college party included also Mr. John Smybert, a meritorious artist, Messrs. James and Dalton, who are described as gentlemen of fortune, and Miss Handcock who was probably a friend of Mrs. Berkeley.

One of the gentlemen in this company, the artist, has left a name which will long be remembered in American annals. He was probably the first person, permanently residing in New England, who devoted himself to the pencil. John Watson, a Scotch artist, not many years before, had established himself in Perth Amboy, a settlement which seemed to the speculators of those days, much more likely than

the island of Manhattan, to become the metropolis of the middle colonies. Berkeley had known Smybert in Italy, and had invited him to join the Bermuda enterprise as a professor of the Fine Arts. In the pictorial representation of the city of Bermuda, the Athens of Utopia, a museum of the Fine Arts was conspicuous, and in this castle of the air, Smybert, without doubt, was expecting to preside. Though he never saw the projected institution, it is a very curious coincidence that his influence is still felt, like that of his great patron, in one at least of the colleges of New England. "He was not an artist of the first rank," says a competent critic, "for the arts were then at a very low ebb in England; but the best portraits which we have of the eminent magistrates and divines of New England and New York, who lived between 1725 and 1751, are from his pencil." His influence, it is also said, may be traced "in the works of Copley, Allston, and Trumbull," if this is so, then the costly edifice now erecting as a school of the Fine Arts, in New Haven—a repository for the paintings of Trumbull, and for other collections, may fitly remind us of Smybert's early work. It ought certainly to receive as the first, if not the best of its treasures, a painting which is said to have been sketched on board "the pretty large ship," and finished soon after in Newport.

This picture was given to Yale College in 1808, by Isaac Lothrop, Esq., of Plymouth, through the agency of two or three other gentlemen in Massachusetts. It had been preserved in Boston in a room occupied by the Smyberts, certainly by the son, who was also a painter, and probably by the father.

Happily the subjects of the picture are even more interesting than its history. It represents the philosopher of Ireland, and his companions of the famous voyage. The Dean himself is standing at the end of a table, dressed in his gown and bands, having his hand upon a copy of Plato, one of his favorite authors, and apparently dictating to an amanuensis. His wife, and another lady, supposed to be Miss Handcock, are seated, the latter holding a child in her arms. This is perhaps the boy of

whom the Dean in 1730, wrote like a fond papa: "our little son is a great joy to us, we are such fools as to think him the most perfect thing in its kind that we ever saw." Sir James Dalton is acting as the amanuensis of the Dean, Mr James is standing behind the ladies, the artist himself is represented, and the remaining person is supposed to be a friend of his, Mr. John Moffat, of Newport. In all there are eight figures, painted upon canvass nine feet by six. In whatever light we regard it, this painting is a precious heir-loom.

We must return, however, to the principal character whom it represents. The Dean, who expected to stay about three months, actually resided in Newport nearly two years and a half. The few letters from his pen which have found their way into print, addressed to his friend Prior, indicate great anxiety in respect to the grant which had been promised him for the college. But in spite of the hope deferred, he did not become despondent nor remain inactive in his temporary home. He frequently preached and discharged the duties of a pastor in the Episcopal church at Newport, which still preserves in an organ, a memento of his later generosity; he formed a club or association of literary men, out of which in due time, sprang the excellent Redwood Library; he bought a farm, two or three miles from the town, which he named Whitehall, and stocked with cows and sheep for the prospective college; he built a house, he composed a theological treatise, and he began an acquaintance with men of mark in the Colonies. In short, he behaved like a true philosopher. His impressions of the new country were so favorable, that he says in one of his letters, he should like to change the seat of the college to the main land, were he not afraid that the proposal to do so would cause the appropriation to fail. It was said by his friend Dr. Johnson, that New York would have been the site of his choice, but no evidence is given in support of this conjecture, which has now been so often repeated, that it is generally accepted as a fact.

One of Berkeley's friends, after long delays, drew out, in an interview with Sir

Robert Walpole, the duplicity of that adroit politician. "If you put this question to me," said the premier, "as a minister I must and can assure you that the money [promised to the college] shall most undoubtedly be paid as soon as suits with public convenience; but if you ask me as a friend, whether Dean Berkeley should continue in America, expecting the payment of £10,000, I advise him by all means to return home to Europe, and give up his present expectations."

When the Dean heard this he did "give up" and went back to Ireland.

During his stay in Newport he had composed, as we have intimated, "*Alciphron*, or the minute Philosopher," a defense of the Christian faith, after the manner of the Platonic dialogues. The opening passages of this treatise seem to reflect his disappointments and the manner in which he bore them. "I flatter myself, *Theages*," he begins, "that before this time I might have been able to have sent you an agreeable account of the success of the affair which brought me into this remote corner of the country. But instead of this I should now give you the details of its mis-carriage, if I did not rather choose to entertain you with some amusing incidents which have helped to make me easy under a circumstance which I could neither obviate nor foresee. Events are not in our power, but it always is to make a good use even of the very worst. And I must needs acknowledge that the course and event of this affair gave opportunity for reflections that make me some amends for a great loss of time, pains, and expense."

This treatise, we may here remark, is one of the most widely known in this country of Berkeley's various writings—not excepting his *Theory of Vision*, which profoundly interests a certain class of scholars, nor his essay on the virtues of Tar-water, which we have reason to believe is laughed at much oftener than it is consulted. It is a bibliographical item of some interest that early in the present century an edition of the *Alciphron* was published at the instance of Dr. Dwight. As an inducement to subscribe the Doctor sets forth a brief account of the work, con-

cluding with a remark that the treatise "may be confidently recommended as a performance of the first merit, to all who love to read the best reasonings on the most important subjects."

Visitors to Newport may still trace out, we believe, near the sea shore, the sequestered nook of rocks where this remarkable work was composed, and the chair, which the Dean was accustomed to sit in, is still preserved with veneration, by a well-known Episcopal clergyman.

But the farm of the Dean produced other fruits. On his return to England he presented it to Yale College. This gift was so important as to demand an extended notice. Among the more noteworthy persons with whom the Dean became acquainted, during his American residence, were the Rev. Dr. Samuel Johnson, an Episcopal minister in Stratford, afterwards first President of Columbia College, New York, and the Rev. Jared Eliot, a Congregational minister in Killingworth, Conn. Both of these men were graduates of Yale College. The former had been one of the tutors in a most critical period of the college history, while the latter was still a member of the college corporation. Both are said to have solicited Berkeley's aid for their needy alma mater. What part Mr. Eliot had in securing a donation is not clear, but the agency of Dr. Johnson is circumstantially obvious.

No sooner did the missionary at Stratford hear of the arrival of the Dean (with whose writings he was already familiar) in the neighboring parish of Newport, than he set out to pay him a visit. It appears, from his autobiography, which is still extant, that his visits were repeated, and there is other evidence in abundance, that between these two excellent men, alike in their studies and their tasks, as well as in their ecclesiastical connections, a friendship sprang up, which endured in freshness and vigor till the good bishop of Cloyne was laid in the dust. These sentiments of friendship were handed down as an inheritance from fathers to sons, and the second Dr. Berkeley and the second Dr. Johnson perpetuated the paternal intimacy, as well as the paternal virtues

Many of the letters addressed by the son of bishop Berkeley to the younger Dr. Johnson, are still preserved, and a still more interesting relic of this family intimacy may be found in many letters still extant, from the widow of the bishop. To these American correspondents she wrote very fully, usually in a thoroughly devotional spirit, often inclosing in her letters voluminous extracts from religious authors, Fenelon, Guyon, and especially from Hooke, the compiler of the Roman history. These transcriptions she seems to have thought would be useful in America.

When Berkeley was about setting sail for England, Dr. Johnson made him a farewell visit, and asked him to send books from the old world for the college in the colony of Connecticut. Dr. Stiles in his Literary Diary says, that Johnson persuaded the Dean to believe "that Yale College would soon become Episcopal, and that they had received his material philosophy," and he adds, "Col. Updike, of Newport, an Episcopalian intimately acquainted with the transaction, told me that the bishop's motive was the greater prospect that Yale college would become Episcopal than Harvard." But no trace of such an expectation has been found, so far as we are aware, in the writings of Berkeley or Johnson. Both of them, we believe, were liberal minded enough to support and encourage a wisely managed seminary even though among its trustees no churchman was included. As to the adoption of the Dean's metaphysics, Rector Clap says that the college "will probably always retain a favorable opinion of his idea of material substance as not consisting in an unknown and inconceivable substratum, but in a stated union and combination of sensible ideas!"

These timely solicitations were soon followed by great generosity. The Dean soon sent over a collection of books, the finest, says an excellent judge, "that had ever been brought to this country." The catalogue is almost worth printing at this time to show what an excellent library was composed of, say a century and a quarter ago. We are afraid that the gifts of our modern deans to the colleges "out

west" will not always rival the Berkeley invoice. It included between eight and nine hundred volumes, Greek and Latin classics, works in divinity, philosophy, history, medicine, and literature. They were shipped at London, May 30, 1733, consigned to Mr. Andrew Belcher at Boston, by Capt. Alden, master of the Dolphin. A full list of the books is preserved in the college library at New Haven, and most of them can still be identified, though they are no longer kept, as at first, by themselves. President Clap estimates the value as at least £400 sterling. He says the donation was made partly out of the Doctor's own estate, but principally out of monies which he procured from some generous gentlemen in England.

In addition to these books, the Dean sent to the college a deed of the farm at Whitehall, directing that the income which it yielded should be devoted under specified conditions to the encouragement of classical learning. This tract of land, about ninety-six acres in extent, with a dwelling house, stable or crib (in a part of Newport afterwards called Middletown) he had bought of Joseph and Sarah Whipple, soon after his arrival, for the sum of £2,500 in the current money of New England. He also built a dwelling-house upon the premises. The deed to the college was dated July 26, 1732. In 1762 the farm was leased, in pursuance to the advice of Rev. Mr. Geo. Berkeley to Capt. John Whiting, for the term of 999 years. Some slight alterations were made in the original instrument, and a second deed was executed in August of the following year. It directs that the income of the farm shall be paid to the three students of the said college, "towards their maintenance and subsistence during the time between their first and second degree; such students being to be called scholars of the house, and, during that space of time, being hereby obliged to reside, at least three quarters of each year, between their first and second degree, in said college; and that the said students or scholars of the house, be elected on the sixth day of May (if not on a Sunday) but if it shall happen on a Sunday, then the election to be on the day fol-

lowing, such election to be performed by the President or head of the college, for the time being, jointly with the senior episcopal missionary of that colony or province of Connecticut, for the time being, that is to say, he who hath been longest upon the mission in the said colony, the candidates to be publicly examined by the said President or Rector and senior missionary, two hours in the morning, in Greek, and in the afternoon, two hours in Latin—all persons having free access to hear the said examination: and it is hereby declared and intended, and it is the true intent and meaning of the said George Berkeley, that those who appear to be the best scholars on said examination, shall be, without favor or affection, elected; and in case of a division of sentiment in the electors, the election to be determined by lot—and if the senior episcopal clergyman shall not attend, then any other episcopal clergyman of said colony shall be entitled to elect, in course of seniority—and if none of the episcopal clergy shall attend, then, and in such case, the election to be performed by the President or Rector of the said college for the time being: Provided always, that whatever surplus of money shall arise during the vacancies of the said scholarship, the same to be laid out for Greek and Latin books, to be disposed of by the said electors on the said day of election to such of the undergraduate students as shall show themselves most deserving by their compositions in the Latin tongue on a moral subject or theme proposed by the electors."

These generous gifts were received at Yale college with a gratitude which has been increasing as the years have rolled on. The Trustees repeatedly placed on record their acknowledgments, and Berkeley who soon became Bishop of Cloyne repeatedly expressed his interest in the institution which he had benefitted. Two letters containing such indications of his continued sympathy are given in Chandler's *Life of Johnson*. Two others, which so far as we remember have never yet been printed are worth inserting here. They were addressed to Rector Clap. Here follows the first:

REV. SIR,

Mr. Bourk, a passenger from New Haven hath lately put into my hands the letter you favored me with, and at the same time the agreeable specimens of learning which it enclosed; for which you have my sincere thanks. By them I find a considerable progress made in astronomy and other academical studies in your college in the welfare and prosperity whereof, I sincerely interest myself and recommending you to God's good providence, I conclude with my prayers and best wishes for your society.

Rev. Sir,

Your faithful, humble servant,

July 17, 1850.

G. CLOYNE.

We have no copy of President Clap's letter to Bishop Berkeley, but he remarks that the bishop frequently received intelligence concerning the effects of his donations; especially "from an Irish gentleman who was present at one of his examinations and carried to him two calculations made by his scholars, viz.: one of the comet at the time of the flood, which appeared 1680, having a periodical revolution of $575\frac{1}{2}$ years, which Mr. Whiston supposes to have been the cause of the deluge, and another, of the remarkable eclipse of the sun in the 10th year of Jehoiakim, mentioned by Herodotus, Lib. i, cap. 74, and in Usher's *Annals*." This is probably the mathematical paper referred to in Berkeley's letter.

The second letter is of like import:

Cloyne, July 25, 1751.

REVEREND SIR:

The daily increase of learning and religion in your seminary of Yale college, give me very sensible pleasure and an ample recompense for my poor endeavors to further those good ends.

May God's Providence continue to prosper and cherish the rudiments of good education which have hitherto taken root and thrive so well under your auspicious care and government.

I snatch this opportunity given me by Mr. Hall to acknowledge the receipt of your letter which he put into my hands, together with the learned specimens that accompanied it, and to assure you that I am

Very sincerely, Rev. Sir,

Your faithful well-wisher and humble servant,

G. CLOYNE.

P. S.—The letter which you mention as written two months before your last, never came to my hands.

From the time of the donation until now, the Dean's bounty has been continuously enjoyed by the successive generations of students at New Haven, and has fostered without doubt, the love of classical study. Those who receive the chief prize are termed "Scholars of the House," in accordance with the founder's designation, a phrase which he is said to have employed in accordance with the Dublin usage, to indicate that the pensioners receive an income from the house or college.

The list includes many excellent scholars. It is a striking coincidence that one of the two persons to whom the first award was made in 1733, was Eleazer Wheelock, who founded at Lebanon and afterwards removed to Dartmouth college, an "Indian charity school," in the spirit if not upon the plan of the president of St. Pauls.

The examinations for the Berkeley prize are still held upon the appointed day and are conducted by the president. For more than three quarters of a century after the foundation, the senior Episcopal missionary, or the Episcopal minister longest resident in Connecticut, attended the examination, and in connection with the head of the college signed the diploma of appointment. Thus, from 1734 to 1753, the bishop's friend, Rev. Samuel Johnson, placed his name, every year, with but one exception, to the certificate of examination. In later years, an Episcopal minister has rarely been present. The surplus money is divided among meritorious undergraduates for excellence in Latin composition. The announcement that such a prize would be awarded and the result of the contest were made until recently in Latin on the bulletin of the college. Dr. Stiles and Professor Kingsley seem especially to have enjoyed these opportunities for the use of the true scholastic tongue. Instances might be given of the characteristic Latinity of both these scholars.

When the intelligence of the bishop's death in 1753, reached this country, Ezra Stiles, then a tutor in Yale college delivered a commemorative discourse in Latin

before the assembled college. It is still preserved among his papers. We are amused to see that he quoted the well-known couplet of Pope, one line of which was inscribed on the philosopher's grave, and has been copied, we believe, by almost every one else who has written on Berkeley. At a later day, the college still further honored their benefactor's name by bestowing it upon a newly erected Hall for the residence of the students.

In various other institutions of learning and religion, the reverend name of Berkeley is perpetuated. We have already alluded to the organ in Trinity church at Newport, and the foundation of the Redwood Library. We ought also to mention that he gave to Harvard college a collection of the Greek and Latin classics, (mostly the best editions) unfortunately destroyed in the fire of 1764, by which that library suffered so severely; that he wrote a letter of excellent advice respecting the establishment of Kings or Columbia college, in New York; that he founded a prize for the encouragement of the study of Greek in his own alma mater, the University of Dublin; and that, like a true scholar, he passed the closing days of his life at Oxford, and now reposes in the chancel of Christ Church. An Episcopal school of Divinity established in Middletown, Connecticut, still further commemorates the name of Berkeley.

It is sometimes said that Dean Berkeley became thoroughly conversant with American institutions and affairs; but however this may have been, his knowledge was only to a very limited extent derived from personal observation. Dr. Dwight in his *Travels*, incidentally says that the Dean visited "several parts of the continent, particularly New England, New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania." This can hardly be so. We have no traces of him to the west of Rhode Island. He did not visit his friend Dr. Johnson. Moreover, we have the following contemporaneous assertion, which a skillful antiquary has exhumed in a pamphlet by Rev. Noah Hobart, published at Boston in 1751.

"Tis likewise true that bishop Berkeley, a member of that venerable body, resided

in New England for some time, and that upon his return he preached the annual sermon—gave an account of the religious state of the country, but whether he was personally acquainted with any number of the most eminent of our ministers, I confess I do not know. In the general it is well enough known that this ‘great and good man,’ as Mr. Beach very justly styles him, partly through indisposition, and partly through a close application to his beloved studies, lived a very retired life while in this country. He saw very little of New England, was hardly ever off Rhode Island, never in Connecticut, nor at Boston till he went thither to take passage for London.”

Now that Newport has become the resort of wealthy and fashionable people, it is curious to find that bishop Berkeley was once charged with expecting that his farm would be the site of a great city, and that some intimate friend of his repelled the charge with vehemence. Burnaby in his *Travels in North America*, published in 1775, tells the following story :

The Dean had formed a plan of building a town upon the rocks which I have just now taken notice of, and of cutting a road through a sandy beach which lies a little below it [the rocks] in order that ships might come up and be sheltered in bad weather. He was so full of this project as to say to one Smibert, whom he had brought over with him from Europe, on the latter’s asking him some ludicrous question concerning the future importance of the place, “Truly you have very little foresight, for in fifty years time, every foot of land in this place will be as valuable as the land in Cheapside. The Dean’s house, notwithstanding his prediction, is at present nothing better than a farmhouse, and his library is converted into the dairy.”

To this a reviewer in the *Gentleman’s Magazine*, (possibly the bishop’s son George) rejoins as follows: “Far from projecting a town, &c., the building, and the only building, which Dean Berkeley had planned was a tea-room and a kitchen, not even a bed-chamber. For what he said to his designer, (or rather painter)

Smibert, a painter without imagination, as to the probable value of the ground, there is not the slightest foundation.”

No one thinks of Berkeley in these days without recalling his celebrated verses on the future greatness of America. Mr. Verplanck, in an address which he delivered in New York, in 1818, introduced this fine prophecy to his hearers, with the remark that he did not remember ever having “seen or heard the verses referred to in this country.” This seems strange in 1865, for they are now as familiar as household poetry. If the bishop of Cloyne had done nothing but write these lines, he would have been entitled to high honor from our countrymen as a poet and a seer; but when we remember the purity and beauty of his life, the vigor of his intellect, and the extent of his generosity, we may safely say that he is entitled to a foremost place in the affectionate gratitude and admiration of all educated Americans.

REST.

“There remaineth therefore a rest to the people of God.”

Rest for the weary one—

The toiler and oppressed :
Earth’s days of labor done,
How sweet that heavenly rest!

Rest from the cares of life,
That furrow every brow;
Filling with thorns and strife,
The soil where peace should grow.

Rest from the griefs of earth,
Which here the spirit try :
Ah, sorrow hath no birth
In realms beyond the sky.

Rest from disease and pain—
The heritage of sin :
Who can compute the gain
Earth’s sufferers there shall win!

Rest from the sins that here
With suffering fill each path ;
Darkening each hope with fear
Of some avenging wrath.

Rest from the fear of death,
Besetting every good :
Lurking in every breath—
Hid in our daily food.

Rest—blissful, endless rest!
Seek it, O sinner, soon :
How fearfully unblest,
If thou should’st lose that boon!

A FOLDED LEAF.

My table holds an ancient book—

So old, its leaves are brittle and brown :
And right in the midst—O solemn sign!—
Is a fingered leaf that is folded down.

Other pages are soiled and dim,

Others are blotted by holy tears :
This leaf only is folded down,
A steadfast mark midst the changing years.

Folded, 'twill not unfolded stay,

But turns to itself, a broken leaf ;
Like a soul that can not stand erect
From bending over some hidden grief.

So, when I open the ancient book,

It shows the leaf of the solemn fold :
I close it—the leaf seems willing to bear
The pressure that wears it, as of old :

And I think of the speaker of manly words,
Ready to suffer for utterance sake,
Who bravely points to a sacred truth,
And points forever, though heart should break.

The books of God are many, we know ;
And many the sacred truths they say :
The servants of God have died to write
Words which herald the near new day.

There are books that we love for their fingered leaves,
Where tear-stains and pencil-lines eloquent dwell :

But this, with the one leaf folded down—
What is it? and whence? and speaks it well?

And the precious words of the folded leaf,
Patiently waiting beneath the fold—
Are they worthily uttered? chosen well?
Gold from rubbish? or gold from gold?

Is it the tale of the valiant man
Who has wandered far in lands unknown?
The book of the student, quiet and quaint,
Who grappled with doubt, and fought it alone?

Is it the book of the poet—first born?
The casket that holds the life of his life?
The volume he dreamed of, long ago,
Foreseeing the fame, and forgetting the strife?

Is it the stanza, concise and complete,
That, gem-like, gleams with the light of his soul ;

The last, of a poem that falters in speech,
The last, which flashes forth sudden the whole?

Or is it the book of the man of God,
Who soberly speaks of the godliest things ;
Who mourns the wrong in the lives of men,
And yet in the midst of mourning sings?

And is it the page where, rapt, he tells
Of the City of God descending to men?
Where the light that shines through its gates
of pearl
Falls, to gleam from his words again?

Oh, no: this book of the folded leaf
Lay open to eyes that read no more :
'Twas loved by a mother whose ancient grief
Is lost in the light of the shining shore.

Loved from the hour when a vanished voice
Left her in silence and darkness and pain ;
Loved through all sorrows, a joy amidst joys,
A teacher to guide her, and strong to sustain.

It whispered life's meaning ; it told her of God ;
It lifted her soul to the things that are high :
It inwardly blessed her, shedding abroad
A peace unbroken by anguish or cry.

There was more in her life of bitter than sweet ;
There were frosts that blasted her joys in their bloom :

Yet her holiest prayers found answer complete,
And a light ever shone on her path through the gloom.

'Tis thus with us all: we cry, 'What of the night?'

God answers, 'The morning cometh ;' and lo!

When hope rises, eager, to gaze at the light,
God adds, 'And also the night'—night of woe.

But, if we love him, and give him our grief,
He giveth us songs in the night, and then sleep :

For Christ, who speaks from the folded leaf,
Saith to us, '*Blessed are ye that weep!*'

HOW GEORGE NEUMARK SANG HIS HYMN.

THE Thirty Years' War was over, and Germany rested from blood. Two years after the peace a young man was living in one of the narrowest and filthiest lanes of Hamburg. No one visited him, and all that the people of the house knew of him was that for the most part of every day he played his violoncello with such skill and expression that they thronged round his door to catch the music. His custom was to go out about midday and dine in a low restaurant frequented by beggars; for the rest he would go out in the twilight with something under his shabby cloak, and it was always noted that he paid his bill the day after such an expedition. This had not escaped the curiosity of Mistress Johannsen, his landlady, and having quietly followed him one evening, he stopped, to her dismay, at the shop of a well-known pawnbroker. It was all plain now; and the goodnatured woman determined to help him if she could.

A few days after, she tapped at his door, and was filled with pity to find nothing in the room but her own scanty furniture. All the rest had been removed, save the well-known violoncello, which stood in the corner of the window, whilst the young man sat in the opposite window-corner, his head buried in his hands.

"Mr. Neumark," said the landlady, "don't take it ill that I make so free as to visit you; but as you have not left the house for two days, and we have had no music, I thought you might be sick. If I could do anything—"

"Thank you, my good woman," he answered wearily and with a sad gratitude in his tone. "I am not confined to bed, and I have no fever; but I am ill—very ill."

"Surely, then, you ought to go to bed?"

"No," he replied quickly, and blushed deeply.

"Oh, but you must," cried Mistress Johannsen boldly. "Now just allow me. I'm an old woman, old enough to be your mother, and I will just see if your bed is all right."

"Pray don't trouble yourself," he re-

plied, and sprang up quickly before the bedroom door.

It was too late, however; for the good woman had already seen that there was nothing but a bag of straw, and that same shabby mantle in which he made the evening journeys.

"My good woman," said Neumark, quickly, "you are perhaps afraid that I will not pay the next rent; but make yourself easy; I am poor, but honorable. It is sometimes hard enough, but I have never been left utterly destitute yet."

"Mr. Neumark," she replied, with some hesitation, and after mustering all her courage, "we have little ourselves, but sometimes more than enough—as, for instance, to-day; and as you have not been out, if you would allow me—"

The young man colored deeply again, rose from his seat, walked up and down the room, and then, with apparent effort, said, "You are right. I have not eaten to-day. I—"

Without waiting for another word, the landlady had left the room, and in a few minutes returned laden with dinner.

"You must not take it ill," she began, when dinner was over; "but you are surely not a native of our town. Do you not know any one here?"

"No one. I *am* a stranger; and you are the first person that has spoken to me kindly. May God bless you!"

"Well, now, if it would not be rude, I would like to ask you some questions. Who are you? What is your name? Where do you come from? What is your business? Are you a musician? Are your parents alive? What are you doing in Hamburg?"

Breathless rather than exhausted, she stopped, and the young man, smiling at his goodnatured catechist, began: "My name is George Neumark. My parents were poor townsfolk of Mühlhausen, and are both dead. I was born there nine-and-twenty years ago, on the 16th of March, 1621. There have been hard times ever since, and I have had to eat, and often first

to seek, my daily bread with tears. Yet I must not be impatient and murmur and sin against the Lord my God. I know that he will help me at the last."

"But how did you think to get your living?" interrupted the landlady.

"I studied jurisprudence; and there I fear I made a fatal mistake, since both by disposition and from love to my Saviour I am a man of peace, and can not take to these quarrels and processes. Had I understood my God's will when I commenced those studies, it had been better. But to continue my story: for ten years I suffered hunger and thirst enough at the Latin school of Schleusingen, a little town in the neighborhood of my birthplace, where I learned that the wisdom of this world will not bring me bread. Then, at two-and-twenty, I went to Königsberg to study law. It was far to journey, but I fled from the hideous strife that wasted my fatherland. I avoided the horrors of war but only to fall into the equal horror of fire, and I soon lost by the flames all I had, to the last farthing, and was a beggar."

"My poor man! Did not that leave you in despair?"

"I won't appear better than I was; and as I strove in the great city, without friend or help, my heart sank; but the dear God had mercy on me, and if I bore the cross, I lived well in body and soul."

"Why, what had you to live on?"

"The gift of God. You must know that I am a poet, and may have heard that I have some readiness in playing the violoncello, and by these I found many friends and benefactors, who helped me indeed sparingly enough."

"And did you remain in Königsberg till you came here?"

"No," he answered, sighing heavily.

"After five years I went to Danzig, in the hope of earning bread there, and finding that a false hope, went to Thorn, and there succeeded beyond my expectation. God brought to me many a dear soul that took me for friend and brother. But for all that I could find no official position, and so I determined at last to seek in my native town what was denied me elsewhere. Hamburg lay in my way, and as I passed

through it a voice seemed to say to me: 'Abide here, and God will supply thee.' But it must have been the voice of my own will: for you know now that things are not bright with me here."

"But tell me," said the landlady, "what office do you seek?"

"If it were God's will, I could earn my bread at scrivining, or a clerkship of any sort."

"Then you are not a musician?"

"Well, I am, and I am not. I can play a little, but for my pleasure, not to win bread. This violin is my only friend in the world."

"But how do you live?"

"My good woman," he said, with a faint smile, "I could tell you much of the wonderful goodness and mercy of God to me in all my misery. It is true I have now nothing left but this dear old violin. But you know Mr. Siebert? He has a clerkship vacant, and he is to answer my application to-day. I believe it is time for me to be with him, so you must excuse me."

II.

Nathan Hirsch, the Jew pawnbroker, dwelt in one of the narrow, crooked lanes that led down to the harbor. He listened from morning till night to the music of the steps that crossed his threshold. Late one evening a young man in a shabby cloak entered the musty shop.

"Good evening, Mr. Neumark," said the Jew. "What brings you so late? Have you no patience till the morning?"

"No, Nathan; if I had waited till the morning, perhaps I had not come at all. What will you give me for this violoncello?"

"Now, what am I to do with this great fiddle?" drawled the Jew.

"That you know perfectly well, Nathan. Put it in the corner there behind the clothes, where no one will see it. Now, what will you give me for it?"

Nathan took it up, examined it on every side, and said, as he laid it down,

"What will I give you? Is it for two-pence worth of wood and a couple of old strings? I have seen fiddles with silver and mother-of-pearl; but there is nothing here but lumber."

"Hear me," said Neumark. "Full five years long I hoarded, farthing by farthing, full five years I suffered hunger and pain, before I had the five pounds that bought this instrument. Lend me two on it. You shall have three should I ever redeem it."

The Jew flung up his hands.

"Two pounds! Hear him! Two pounds for a pennyworth of wood! What am I to do with it, if you won't redeem it?"

"Nathan"—and the young man spoke low and strong—"you don't know how my whole soul is in this violin. It is my last earthly comfort, my only earthly friend. I tell thee, I might almost as well pawn my soul as it. Wouldst thou have my soul?"

"Why not? And if you did not redeem it, it would be mine. But what would the Jew do with your soul?"

"Hush, Jew. Yet the fault was my own. The Saviour whom thy people crucified has redeemed my soul, and I am his. I spoke in the lightness of despair. But I am his, and he will never suffer me to want. It is hard when I must sacrifice the last and dearest. But he will help me. I will pay thee back."

"Young man, you will not deceive me with these vain hopes. The last time, did you not tell me that a rich merchant would help you?"

"Siebert? Yes. I went to him at his own hour, and he said I came too late: the place was given to another. Am I to bear the penalty of the conduct of others?"

"I deal with you, and not with others," returned the Jew, coldly. "Take your great fiddle away."

"Nathan, you know I am a stranger here. Remember when you were a stranger, and the Christian helped the Jew. I know no one but you. Give me but thirty shillings."

"Thirty shillings! Have I not said already that no merchant can give thirty shillings for a pennyworth of wood?"

"Thou art a hard and cruel man." And with these words Neumark snatched up his beloved violoncello and rushed out of the shop.

"Stop, stop, young man," cried the

Jew; "trade is trade. I will give you one pound."

"Thirty shillings, Nathan. To-morrow I must pay one pound, and how am I to live? Have mercy."

"I have sworn that I will not give thirty shillings; but out of old friendship I will give you five and twenty; that is, (you will note) with a penny interest on every florin for eight days, and for the next week twopence, and if you can not pay me then, it is mine. Now, what am I to do with this great piece of wood?"

"It is hard; but I must submit. May God have mercy on me!"

"He is a good and faithful God, the God of my fathers, and he helped me much, or I could not afford to lose by such bargains as this. Twelve pence and four-and-twenty pence make six-and-thirty. I may as well take it off the five-and-twenty shillings. It will save you bringing it back here."

Neumark made no answer. He was gazing at his violoncello, while the tears rolled silently down his cheek.

"Nathan, I have but one request. You don't know how hard it is to part from that violin. For ten years we have been together. If I have nothing else I have it; at the worst it spoke to me, and sung back all my courage and hope. Ten times rather would I give you my heart's blood than this beloved comforter. Of all the sad hearts that have left your door, there has been none so sad as mine."

His voice grew thick, and he paused for a moment.

"Just this one favor you must do me, Nathan—to let me play once more upon my violin."

And he hurried to it without waiting for an answer.

"Hold!" cried the Jew, in a passion; the shop should have been closed an hour ago but for you and your fiddle. Come to-morrow, or, better, not at all."

"No—to-day—now," returned Neumark. "I must say farewell," and seizing the instrument, and half-embracing it, he sat down on an old chest in the middle of the shop, and began a tune so exquis-

itely soft that the Jew listened in spite of himself. A few more strains, and he sang to his own melody two stanzas of the hymn—

“Life is weary, Saviour take me.”

“Enough, enough,” broke in the Jew. “What is the use of all this lamentation? You have five-and-twenty shillings in your pocket.”

But the musician was deaf. Absorbed in his own thoughts, he played on. Suddenly the key changed. A few bars, and the melody poured itself out anew; but, like a river which runs into the sunshine out of the shade of sullen banks, he sang louder, and his face lighted up with happy smiles—

“Yet who knows? The cross is precious.”

“That’s better. Stick by that,” shouted the Jew. “And don’t forget that you have five-and-twenty shillings in your pocket. Now, then, in a fortnight the thing is mine if you have not redeemed it.” And he turned aside, muttering mechanically, “but what am I to do with a great piece of lumber wood?”

Neumark laid his violin gently back in the corner, and murmured, “*Ut fiat divina voluntas*, As God will. I am still:” and without a word of adieu, left the shop.

As he rushed out into the night, he stumbled against a man who seemed to have been listening to the music at the door.

“Pardon me, sir, but may I ask if it was you who played and sung so beautifully just now?”

“Yes,” said Neumark, hurriedly, and pushed on.

The stranger seized hold of his cloak—“Pardon me, I am but a poor man, but that hymn you sung has gone through my very soul. Could you tell me, perhaps, where I might get a copy? I am only a servant, but I would give a florin to get this hymn—that was just written, I do believe, for myself.”

“My good friend,” replied Neumark, gently, “I will willingly fulfil your wish without the florin. May I ask who you are?”

“John Gutig, at your service, and in the house of the Swedish Ambassador, Baron von Rosenkranz.”

“Well, come early to-morrow morning. My name is George Neumark; and you will find me at Mistress Johannsen’s, in the Crooked-lane. Good night.”

III.

One morning, about a week after this, Gutig paid a second visit to Mistress Johannsen’s. Neumark received him kindly.

“Perhaps, sir, you will think what I am going to say foolish; but I have prayed over it the whole night, and I hope I may make so bold—”

“What? Is it a second copy of the hymn; of course, you may have it with pleasure.”

“No, no, sir; it is not that. I have the copy you gave me in my Bible, to keep it better; though if it were lost, I think I have it as well off as the Lord’s Prayer and the Creed. But yesterday—You won’t take it ill?”

“Never mind; go on.”

“Well, sir, the ambassador had a secretary that wrote all his letters. Yesterday he suddenly left the house; why, no one knew; but we believed that the master found him in default and let him easily off. Yesterday evening, as I saw my lord to bed, he said to me, ‘Now that Mr. Secretary is gone, I know not where to look for as clever a one.’ Somehow your name came into my mind; for the secretary lives in the house, and is entertained at the table, and has a hundred crowns a year paid down. So I said, ‘My lord, I know some one—’ ‘You!’ he cried, and laughed; ‘have you a secretary among your friends?’ ‘No, my lord,’ said I; ‘though I know him, I am much too humble to have him for a friend or acquaintance.’ So, to make a long story short, sir, I told him all—”

“All?” interrupted Neumark. “And that you made my acquaintance on the door-step of Nathan Hirsch, the Jew pawnbroker, where I was pledging my violin?”

“Yes, all that,” replied Gutig; “and if I have done wrong I am very sorry;

only my heart was so full. My lord was not offended, but bid me bring your hymn to see how you wrote. 'Writing and poetry both admirable,' he said, as he laid it down; 'and if the young man would come at once, I would see; perhaps he might do.' I was uneasy afterwards lest you might be hurt, sir; and between that and wishing you might be secretary, I could scarcely wait for the morning. The ambassador likes an early visit, and if you would pardon me, sir, and think well of it, you might go to him at once."

Neumark, instead of answering, walked up and down the room. "Yes," he said to himself, "the Lord's ways are surely wonderful. They that trust in the Lord shall not want any good thing." Then turning to the servant, "God reward you for what you have done! I shall go with you."

The ambassador received him kindly.

"You are a poet, I see, by these verses. Do you compose hymns only?"

"Of the poor," said Neumark, after a moment's pause, "it is written, *their's is the kingdom of heaven*. I never knew any one who was rich and enjoyed this world that had written a hymn. It is the cross that presses such music out of us."

The ambassador looked surprised, but not displeased. "You certainly do not flatter us," he said. "But, young man, your experience is but narrow. Yet you might remember that our king, Gustavus Adolphus, though he lived in the state and glory of the throne, not only composed, but sung and played a right noble Christian hymn. However, you are poor, very poor, if my servant's account be correct. Has poverty made you curse your life?"

"I thank the Lord, never, though I have been near it. But he always kept the true peace in my heart. Moreover, the Lord said, 'the poor ye have always;' and another time he called them blessed; and was himself poor for our sakes, and commanded the gospel to be preached to the poor; and the very poor, as the apostle says, may yet make many rich. It is not so hard, after all, to be reconciled with poverty."

"Gallantly answered, like a man of faith. We may have opportunity to speak of that again. I hear that you have studied law. Do you think you could sift papers that require a knowledge of jurisprudence and politics?"

"If your grace would try me, I would attempt it."

"Well, then, take these papers and read them through. They contain inquiries from Chancellor Oxenstiern and the answers I have been able to procure. Bring me a digest of the whole. You may take your own time, and when you are ready, knock at the next door."

IV.

Neumark left the hotel of the ambassador that evening with a radiant face, and as he walked quickly through the streets, talked with himself, while a smile stole across his lips. "Yes, yes; leave God to order all thy ways."

It was to Jew Nathan's that he took his way.

"Give me my violoncello," he cried. "Here are the five-and-twenty shillings, and a half crown more. You need not be so amazed. I know you well. You took advantage of my poverty, and had I been an hour beyond the fortnight you would have pocketed the five pounds. Still, I thank you for the five-and-twenty shillings: but for them I must have left Hamburg a beggar. Nor can I feel that you did anything yourself, but were simply an instrument in the hand of God. You know nothing of the joy that a Christian has in saving another, so I pay you in what coin you like best, an extra half-crown. Here are the one pound seven and sixpence in hard money. Only remember this,

'Who trusts in God's unchanging love,
Builds on the rock that nought can move.'"

Seizing his violoncello in triumph, Neumark swept homewards with hasty steps, never pausing till he reached his room, sat down, and began to play with such a heavenly sweetness, that Mistress Johansen rushed in upon him with a storm of questions, all of which he bore unheeding,

and played and sang until his landlady scarce knew if she was in heaven or on earth.

"Are you there, good Mistress Johannsen?" he said when he had finished.

"Well, perhaps you will do me the kindness to call in as many people as there are in the house and in the street. Bring them all in. I will sing you a hymn that you never heard before, for I am the happiest man in Hamburg. Go, dear good woman; go bring me a congregation, and I will preach them a sermon on my violoncello."

In a few minutes the room was full. Then Neumark seized his bow, played a bar or two, opened his mouth and sang,

"Leave God to order all thy ways,
And hope in him whate'er betide;
Thou'lt find him in the evil days
Of all-sufficient strength and guide.
Who trusts in God's unchanging love,
Builds on the rock that nought can move.

"What can these anxious cares avail,
These never-ceasing moans and sighs?
What can it help us to bewail
Each painful moment as it flies?
Our cross and trials do but press
The heavier for our bitterness.

"Only your restless heart keep still,
And wait in cheerful hope, content
To take whate'er his gracious will,
His all-discerning love hath sent;
Nor doubt our inmost wants are known
To Him who chose us for His own.

"He knows when joyful hours are best,
He sends them as He sees it meet;
When thou hast borne its fiery test,
And now art freed from all deceit,
He comes to Thee all unaware,
And makes thee own his loving care."*

Here the singer stopped, for his voice trembled, and the tears ran down his cheeks. The little audience stood fixed in silent sympathy; but at last Mistress Johannsen could contain herself no longer.

"Dear, dear, sir," she began, drying her eyes with her apron, for there was not a dry cheek in the crowd, "that is all like as if I sat in the church, and forgot all my care, and thought of God in heaven and

Christ upon the cross. How has it all come about? You were so downcast this morning, and now you make my heart leap with joy. Has God been helping you?"

"Yes, that He has, my dear gracious God and Father! All my need is over. Only think: I am secretary to the Swedish Ambassador here in Hamburg, have a hundred crowns a-year; and to complete my happiness he gave me five-and-twenty crowns in hand, so that I have redeemed my poor violin. Is not the Lord our God a wonderful and gracious God? Yes, yes, my good people, be sure of this,—

'Who Trusts in God's unchanging love,
Builds on the rock that nought can move.'"

"And this beautiful hymn, where did you find it, sir, if I may make so bold? For I know all the hymn-book by heart, but not this. Did you make it yourself?"

"I? Well, yes, I am the instrument—the harp; but God swept the strings. All I knew was this, 'Who trusts in God's unchanging love;' these words lay like a soft burden on my heart. I went over them again and again, and so they shaped themselves into this song. How, I can not tell. I began to sing and to pray for joy, and my soul blessed the Lord, and word followed word like water from a fountain. Stop," he cried, "listen once more:—

"Nor in the heat of pain and strife,
Think God hath cast thee off unheard;
Nor that the man whose prosperous life
Thou enviest, is of him preferred;
Time passes and much change doth bring,
And sets a bound to everything.

"All are alike before his face;
'Tis easy to our God Most High
To make the rich man poor and base,
To give the poor man wealth and joy.
True wonders still of Him are wrought,
Who setteth up and brings to nought.

"Sing, pray, and swerve not from His ways,
But do thine own part faithfully;
Trust His rich promises of grace,
So shall it be fulfilled in thee;
God never yet forsook at need
The soul that trusted him indeed."

When he ceased for the second time, he was so much moved that he put away the

*From the admirable translation in the "Lyra Germanica" of the well known "Wernur den lieben Gott lässt wolten.

violinello in the corner, and the little audience quietly dispersed.

Such is the story of one of the most beautiful of all the German hymns, one of those which has preached the truest sermon to troubled and fretted and despairing hearts. After two years, Baron von Rosenkranz procured his secretary the post of Librarian of the Archives at Wei-

mar, and there he peacefully died in his sixty-first year. He wrote much, verses indeed almost innumerable, possibly to be read at Weimar still by such Dryasdusts as care to look. But the legacy he left to the Church was the hymn that the simple-hearted man played when God gave him back his beloved "*Viola di Gamba*."

FRED, AND MARIA, AND ME.

PART THE SECOND.

I GOT up early next morning and took my things out of my trunk, and fixed them nicely in the drawers, and then I set out to go down stairs, but there was a door standing open, and I saw the children were inside, so I went in, and says I 'Good morning children,' and then I said good morning to a nice looking woman who was dressing one of 'em.

'Can't I help dress 'em?' says I, for I saw she had her hands full, and up in the corner was a handsome cradle, a rocking away all of itself.

'Thank you ma'am, there is no need,' says she, 'I've wound up the cradle and the baby'll go to sleep pretty soon, and so I shall have time to dress the rest if they'll only behave.'

'Wound up the cradle?' says I, quite astonished to see it a rocking away with no living soul near it.

'Yes, its a self-rocking cradle,' says she, 'we've all the modern improvements in this house. The children's Ma ain't very fond of trouble, and so she's got everything handy, dumb-waiters, sewing-machines, and all sorts of contrivances. If you'd like to go down on the dumb-waiter, I'll show you where 'tis,' says she.

'The dumb what?' says I.

'The dumb-waiter,' says she, 'They're very handy about getting the coal up and down, and sometimes folks uses them themselves, if they're tired, or is old ladies that gets out of breath.'

'What, to ride up and down the stairs?' says I.

'Why yes, to save climbing so many flights of stairs,' says she.

Well, I'd seen so many strange things in this house, and so many a waiting and tending, that I thought to be sure a dumb-waiter was a man they kept a purpose to carry you up and down them stairs, and says I, 'If he is dumb I suppose he aint blind, and he'd see what a figure I should make a riding of a poor fellow creature as if he was a wild beast. No, I aint used to such things, and I guess my two feet's as good dumb-waiters as I need.'

I see she was a laughing, but quite good natured like, and says she, "The children's about dressed now, and if you wont think strange of it, I'll ask you to mind them a minute while I go down to get their breakfast. I shall be right back. And you, children, you say your prayers while I'm gone."

'Why don't they eat with their Pa and Ma?' says I, 'And don't their Ma hear them say their prayers?'

'Not since I came here,' says she, 'Their ma don't care about such things as prayers. I make 'em kneel down and say over something, if its only to make some difference between them and the heathen,' says she.

'But they go down to family prayers, I hope?' says I.

She burst out a laughing, and says she,

'I guess there ain't many family prayers in this house,' says she, 'nor any other kind o' prayers either. Folks is too busy a playing cards and a dancing and doing all them kinds o' things to get time to say prayers.'

I felt so struck up, that I couldn't say a word, and I was just a going to run back to my bed-room and look in the glass and see if 'twas me or if 'twasn't me, when I heard a voice close to my ear say, 'Find out if the old lady drinks tea or coffee for her breakfast.'

'Did you speak?' says I to the nuss.

'No ma'am 'twasn't me,' says she.

Then I knew it was the Evil One prowling round, and no wonder! and I spoke up loud and strong and says I, 'Are you an Evil Spirit, or what are you?' 'I didn't say nothing about spirit,' says the voice, 'its tea and coffee I was a speaking of.'

'La! its nobody but the cook a wanting to know what you will have for breakfast,' says the nuss, 'I couldn't think what made you turn all colors so. I spose you ain't used to them speaking tubes.'

With that she puts her mouth to a little hole in the wall, and then says she 'find out yourself,' and then says she to me, 'These tubes is very handy about keeping house. All Mrs. Avery has to do is to holler down into the kitchen what she'll have for dinner, and there's the end of it. And it's convenient for the cook too, for cooks don't want no ladies a peeking round in their kitchens.'

'Well,' says I, 'I never.' And I couldn't get out another word if I'd been to suffer.

I went down to breakfast, and Fred was civil as need be, but his wife didn't say much, and I was kind of afraid of her a settin' there in such a beautiful quilted blue wrapper, and a lace cap and ribbons a flyin', and me in my old calico loose gown. And sometimes when I'm scared, I get to running on, and so I kind o' got to talking about the house and the handsome things and says I, 'When I see all these beautiful things and the water all so handy and the gas a coming when its wanted and going away when 'taint, and the cradle a rocking away all of itself, and them things to whisper into the wall with, why I

almost feel as if I'd got to heaven. Things can't be much handier and convenientier up there,' says I.

"But when I think again that their Ma don't hear them children say their prayers, and dances and plays cards, and don't never see the inside of her kitchen, and all the pieces thrown away for want of somebody to see to 'em, why then I feel as if 'twant exactly heaven, and as if 'twas a longer road to git there from here than to git to the other place.'

Cousin Avery, she looked kind o' bewildered now, and Fred, he took up the newspaper and began to read, and he read it all the rest of the breakfast time. And when he'd done, he got up and says he, 'I'm afraid you'll find it rather dull here aunt,' says he, 'but Maria must take you out, and show you round and amuse you all she can;' so he took his hat, and went off, and Maria, she slipped off, and I didn't know exactly what to do, so I went up stairs to my room and there were three or four women all around the washstand with pails and mops a sopping up the water, and Maria looking on as red and angry as could be.

"You've left the water running, and its all come flooding down through my ceiling and ruined it," says she, and then she muttered something about country folks, but I didn't hear what, for I was so ashamed I didn't know what to do.

"If the old lady hadn't a left the washrag in the basin 'twouldn't a run over," says one of them girls, "but you see that stopped up the holes."

Maria, she went off upon that, and I got down and helped dry up the carpet, and kept a begging of 'em all not to think hard of me for making so much trouble, and they all was pleasant and said 'twant no matter.' When I went down they said Maria had gone out, so I hadn't anywhere to stay unless 'twas with the children, and I went up there and the room was all put to rights and the baby a rocking away all to himself, and the children a playing round, and the nuss she was a basting some work.

'I'll hem that petticoat,' says I, 'if you think I can do it to suit.'

'Oh no, it's to be done on the machine,' says she, 'but if you've a mind to baste while I sew, why that will help along a sight. But I'll put Gustavus into the baby-tender afore I begin,' says she, 'or he'll be into the machine;' so she caught him up and fastened him into a thing that hung from the ceiling, and left him kind o' dangling. So I set down and basted, and she began to make that machine go. I'd heerd of sewing-machines, but I hadn't never seen one, and I couldn't baste for looking and wondering, and the nuss she made her feet fly and kept a asking for more work, and I hurried and drove, but I couldn't baste to keep up with her, and at last I stopped, and says I, 'There's one of them machines inside o' my head, and another where my heart oughter be,' says I, 'and I can't stand it no longer. Do stop sewing, and take that child out of them straps. It's against nature for children to be so little trouble as them are children are, and they ought to be a playing out doors instead o' rocking and jiggling up here in this hot room.'

'Guess you're getting nervous,' says the nuss, 'and any how I've got to take 'em out to walk if its only to let Mrs. Henderson see that our children's got as handsome clothes as her'n has, if we ain't just been to Paris. Why these three children's jist had sixty-three new frocks made, and their Ma thinks that aint enough. Come Matilda, I'll dress you first,' says she.

'I don't want to go to walk,' says Matilda.

'Don't want to go to walk! Then how's that Henderson girl a going to see your new cloak and them furs o' your'n? And your'n cost more'n her'n, for your Ma give twenty-eight dollars apiece for them muffs o' your'n and your sister's, and what's the use if you don't go down the Fifth Avenue and show 'em?'

I began to feel kind o'sick and faint, and says I to myself 'if their Ma don't see to her children I don't know as I oughter expect the Lord to, but if he don't they'll be ruined over and over again.'

'I'll go out and walk with you and the children if you aint no objections nuss,' says I.

'No,' says she, 'I ain't no objections if you'll put on your best bonnet, and fix up a little.'

So I dressed me, and I took the girls and she took the baby, and we walked up and down the Fifth Avenue, and I heerd one nuss say to our'n:

'Is that your new nuss?'

'La! no, its our *aunt*,' says she, and then they both burst out a laughing.

Well, it went on from day to day that I hadn't any where else to stay, and so I stayed with them children. And Fanny, the oldest one, she got to loving me, and nothing would do but she must sleep in my bed, so I had her in my room and I washed and dressed her, and I told her stories out of the Bible and Pilgrims' Progress, and taught her hymns, and then Matilda she wanted to come, too, and they moved her little bedstead in, and she slept there, and so by degrees I got so that you couldn't hardly tell me from the nuss. And it was handy for her to have me stay home every Sunday afternoon and see to the children while she went to meetin' and home to see her folks, and she said so, and that she felt easy to leave 'em with me because I'd know what to do if any thing happened to 'em. And it got to be handy for her to call me if the baby cried more'n common in the night, or if he had the croup. For Gustavus was a croupy child, and every time his Ma had company and would have him down stairs with his apron took off so as to show them white arms and them round shoulders of his full o' dimples, why he was sure to wake up a coughing and scaring us out of our wits. Well, I wasn't young and spry as I used to be, and it's wearing to lose your sleep o' nights, and then Fred's ways and Maria's ways made me kind o' distressed like, and Sam Avery he kept writing and hectoring me and saying I ought to have the law of Fred, and Satan he roared round some, and all together one night after dinner, just as we was a getting up from the table, I was took with an awful pain in my head, and down I went flat on to the floor. Fred he got me up, and they sent for the doctor, and the doctor he questioned this one and he questioned that one, and he

said nusses' places wasn't places for old ladies, and, then again, plenty of fresh air was good for old ladies, and to have things pleasant about 'em, and to be took round and diverted. So I was sick a good while, and I expect I made a sight of trouble, for one day they was all a sitting round in my room and little Fanny she stood by the side of the bed, and says she, 'Aunt Avery what is a Regular Nuisance?'

'I don't know,' says I, 'I never saw one. 'Taint one of the creeturs in Pilgrim's Progress, is it?' says I.

'For Ma says you are a Regular Nuisance,' says she.

'You naughty girl, how dare you tell such stories?' said her Ma, and she up and boxed the little thing's ears till they was red.

'It aint a story, and you did say so. You told Mrs. Henderson—'

'Hold your tongue, you silly little goose!' said Fred. 'Don't mind her, aunt Avery, she's nothing but a child.'

'They do say children and fools speak the truth,' says I, 'and maybe you think I'm a fool; and maybe I am. But I ain't deaf nor blind, and I can't always be dumb. And I wont deny it, Fred, I've had hard thoughts towards you. Not about the money; I don't care for money, and never did. But it's so dreadful to think of your saying you was poor when you wasn't poor, and all those things about your little children a going out to work for their living.'

'Pshaw! that was a mere joke,' cried Fred. 'You knew, as well as I did, that they were only a parcel of babies.'

'Well, and there's another thing I want to speak of. Did Sam Avery coax me to come here because he thought it would take a weight off your mind; or because he thought it would plague you and Maria to have a plain old body like me round the house?'

'Sam Avery be hanged!' said Fred, 'The fact is, aunt Avery, I ain't worse than other men. I was in love with Maria, and I was determined to have her. And I wanted her to live with me pretty much as she had been used to living. If you think this is too fine a house for her

to possess, why you'd better go and examine the one she was born and brought up in. I economize all I can; we don't keep a carriage, and Maria has often to ride in stages, and pass up her sixpence like any old washerwoman. And I deny myself about giving. I give nothing to the poor, and subscribe to no charities, except charity balls; and Sam Avery, a sanctimonious old sinner, has just give five hundred to Foreign Missions. If it wasn't for being twitted about the money I had from you, I could hold up my head as high as any man. But since you've been and set all Goshen on to me, why my life is a dog's life, and little more.'

It cut me to the heart to think I'd kept him so short of money that he hadn't nothing to give away.

'Well,' says I, 'you'll soon have the value of the old place, and be out of debt, besides. For I'm going where I shall want none of those things.'

Just then I looked up, and there was Maria standing in front of Fred, her face white and her lips trembling. She had gone out with the child, and we hadn't noticed she'd come back.

'Do you mean to say you've been borrowing money of this old woman, and have been deceiving me all along by pretending she gave it to you? Look me in the face then, if you dare!'

'What a fuss about a few thousand dollars!' returned he. 'Of course I expect to repay her all she's let me have. And you, Maria, are the last person to complain. Was not this house your own choice? And how did you suppose a man of my age could afford to buy it without help?'

Maria made no answer. It seemed as if all her love to him had turned into contempt.

I riz up in the bed, as weak as I was, and says I, 'Fred Avery, come here to me, and you, Maria, come here too, and you two kiss each other and make up, right away, or I shall die here in this house, and can't have my own minister to bury me, and shall have to put up with your'n. Why, what's money when you come to putting it along side of dwelling

together in unity? Quick, get a paper and let me sign it; and say in the paper it was my free gift and I never lent none of it; and, oh hurry, Fred, for I feel so faint and dizzy!’

‘I believe you’ve killed the poor old soul!’ said Maria, and she fanned me and held salts to my nose, and tried to make me lie down. But I wouldn’t, and kept making signs for the paper, for I thought I was going to drop away in no time.

‘Get the paper this instant, Fred,’ said Maria, pretty much as if he was one of the children. So he went and got it and I signed my name, and then I lay back on the pillow, and I don’t know what happened next, only I felt ’em fanning me, and a pouring things down my throat; and one says, ‘open the window!’ and another says, ‘its no use!’ and then I heard a child’s voice set up such a wail that my old heart began to beat again, and I opened my eyes and there was little Fanny, and she crept up on to the bed, and laid her soft face against mine, and said, ‘You wont go and die, aunt Avery, and leave your poor little Fanny?’ and I knew I mustn’t go and leave that wail a sounding in her Ma’s ears. And when I know I ought not to do a thing, I don’t do it. So that time I didn’t die.

Well! it’s an easy thing to slip down to the bottom of the hill, but it ain’t half so easy to get up again as it is to lay there in a heap, a doing nothing. And it took a sight of wine whey, and calve’s feet jelly, and ale and porter, and them intemperate kind of things to drag me a little way at a time back into the world again. I didn’t see much of Fred, but Maria used to come up and sit in my room and work on a little baby’s blanket she was a covering with leaves and flowers, and sometimes she’d speak quite soft and gentle like, and coax me to take my beef-tea, just as if she wanted me to get well. She wasn’t never much of a talker, but we got used to each other more’n I ever thought we should. And one day—then! I know it was silly, but when she was giving me some thing, I took hold of that pretty soft hand of hers and kissed it. And the color came and went in her face, and she burst out a crying, and says she :

‘I shouldn’t have cared so much, only I wanted to love Fred!’

That was all she ever said to me about him after I’d signed that paper, but when folk’s hearts are full they ain’t apt to go to talking much, and I knew now that Maria had got a heart, and that it was full, and more too.

At last I got strong enough to ride out, and Maria went with me, and after awhile she used to stop at Stewart’s and such places to do her shopping, and I would stay in the carriage until she got through. I wanted to see what sort of a place Stewart’s was, for I heerd tell of it many a time, but I thought Maria wouldn’t want to have me go in with her, and that maybe I could go sometime by myself. I asked her what they kept there and she said ‘Oh *every* thing,’ and I’m sure the shop looked as big as all out doors. She used to get into a stage sometimes to go down town, and I watched all she did in them stages so as to know how to manage, and one day I slipped out and got into the first one that came along, for thinks I, why shouldn’t I go to Stewart’s if I’ve a mind, all by myself?

It carried me up this street and across that, and at last it stopped near a railroad depôt and all the passengers but me got out. I waited a little while, and at last I got up, and says I to the driver, ‘Ain’t you a going no further?’

‘No, I ain’t,’ says he.

‘But I want to go to Stewart’s,’ says I.

‘I’ve no objections, ma’am,’ says he, and began to beat his arms about, and blow his hands, as if he was froze. I didn’t know what to do, or where I was, but pretty soon he turned his horses’ heads about, and began to go back the very way we’d come. So I pulled the check, and says I, ‘I want to go to Stewart’s.’

‘Well *ain’t* you going?’ says he, ‘and I don’t know as there’s any need to pull a fellow’s leg off!’

‘I beg your pardon, I didn’t mean to hurt you,’ says I, and with that I set down and we rode and rode till we got into Broadway, and then I began to watch all the signs on the shops, so as to get out at the right place. At last we got most down to the ferries, so I asked a man that had got in if we hadn’t passed Stewart’s.’

'Oh yes, long ago,' says he.

'Dear me, I must get out, then,' says I. 'I told the driver I wanted to go there, but I suppose he has a good deal on his mind a picking his way along, and so forgot it.' So I got out and began to walk up the street, and I ran against every body and every body ran against me, and I came near getting run over a dozen times, and was so confused that I didn't rightly know how far I'd walked, so I stopped a girl, and says I, 'Oh do you know where Stewart's is?'

'La, it's three or four blocks down so,' says she.

'I didn't sec no sign up,' says I, 'and so I passed it.'

'I guess you'll have to look till dark if you're looking for signs,' says she, and away she went. I was pretty well used up, I was so tired, but I went back, and this time I found it and went in. The first thing I asked for was tape. 'We don't keep it,' says the clerk.

'Do you keep fans?' says I.

'No, fans are not in our line.'

'Well, have you got any brown Windsor soap?'

No, they hadn't got any kind of soap. There was some other little things I wanted, such as pins and needles and buttons, but I didn't like to ask for 'em, for if they didn't happen to have none of 'em it might hurt their feelings to have people know it. But there was one thing I thought I'd venture to ask for, and that was a velvet cloak. I'd heerd Maria say a new kind of spring cloak was uncommon handy, and I had twenty dollars in my pocket a purpose to buy it with. For I kind o' liked Maria, and I pitied her too, for she and Fred didn't seem good friends, and then I had made so much trouble when I was sick.

The clerk said yes, they had some, but, says he, 'They're very expensive,' and never offered to show them to me. Well, I ain't perfect, and I felt a little riled in my feelings. And says I, as mild as I could, 'I didn't say nothing about the price. I asked you if you'd got any o' them cloaks.' Upon that he took out one or two, and I liked them pretty well,

though when I heerd the price I found my twenty dollars warn't agoing to help much; but then I didn't care. 'I don't want no such finery myself,' thinks I, but Maria's young and she wants it, and she and Fred feel pretty bad, and I don't know as it's any of Sam Avery's business how I spend my money. Folks down to Goshen they might say aunt Avery she's grown worldly and fond of the pomps and vanities, but then 'taint true if they do say it. 'Taint worldly to wear good clothes, and 'taint pious to wear bad ones. The Lord don't look on the outside, and I have a feeling that its right for Maria to have one o' them cloaks. So I says to the man, 'Won't you be so good as to let me carry home two o' them cloaks to show Mrs. Avery, for I don't know which of 'em she'd like best.' He stared at me half a minute, and then says he, 'Are you her seamstress?'

'No, I ain't,' says I. 'I suppose you think there ain't no ladies but what wears silks and satins and laces and velvets. But I'll tell you what, Abijah Pennell, when you've lived in this world as long as I have you wont judge folks jest by their clothes.'

He colored up and looked at me pretty sharp, and says he, 'Excuse me for not recognizing you Miss Avery. Its so many years since I left Goshen. I'll send the cloaks for you with pleasure. Wont you have one for yourself?'

'No, Abijah, no,' says I, 'them 'ere cloaks ain't for old women like me.' So I bid him good-bye and all the clerks good-bye that stood round a laughing in their sleeves, and I went out to look for a stage and there was a nice policeman a standing there, so I told him where I wanted to go, for, thinks I, it makes a good deal of odds which stage you get into, and he put me in and I sat down by a man with a gold ring on his finger and little short, black curls round his forehead, and he was quite sociable, and I told him where I'd been, and how I hadn't bought nothing, and then we talked about the weather, and at last he got out. And just after that I put my hand into my pocket to get at my purse, and there wasn't no purse there.

'Goodness!' says I to all the folks in the stage, 'my purse ain't in my pocket!'

'That man with the curly hair sat pretty close to you,' says one of the passengers. 'But its no use trying to catch him now.'

'But I ain't got no money to pay my fare,' says I, 'and I must get right out.' So I made the driver stop, and says I 'I'm very sorry Mister, but my pocket's been picked and I cant pay my fare.'

'You don't come that dodge over me old woman,' says he. 'If you can't pay your fare you'd better git out and walk.' So I got out and walked till I was ready to drop, but when I went in, there was Maria admiring of them cloaks, and says she:

'Aunt Avery somebody's sent me these cloaks to choose which I'll have, and I'm afraid it's Fred. And Fred's not going to make up with me with cloaks, I can tell him.'

'No, dear,' says I, 'it ain't Fred, it's your old aunt that wants to see you pleased and happy and that's went down to Stewart's and picked out them cloaks.'

'La! I never!' says she, 'I thought you had an idea that every body ought to wear sackcloth and ashes.' But she did seem sort of pleased and grateful, and Fred did too, when he came home, and he and Maria behaved quite decent to each other, but I could see there was something on their minds, and that they weren't good friends by no means.

Little Fanny she and I kept together a good deal, for she wasn't no care, and Gustavus he got to be hanging around his old aunt, and I taught him to come in every night to say his prayers. That night he was so good, and coaxed so prettily to sleep with me, that I thought I wouldn't care if the doctor did scold, the dear child should have his way now and then. And seeing the little creature a lying there so innocent and so handsome, and a looking jest as Fred used to look, I couldn't help praying more'n common for him, and says I to myself, 'He wont have the croup to-night, any how, with me to cover him up and keep him warm.' But about two o'clock I was woke out of a sound sleep with that 'ere cough of his. It went through me

like a knife, and I got up and gave him his drops right away, and put on more coal and covered him up warmer, but he didn't seem no better, so I had to go and call Fred to go for the doctor.

Well! well! there's some has to toil and fight and work their way up hill towards the heavenly places, and there's some that never know nothing about no kind o' battling, and their little white feet never go long enough over the dusty road to get soiled or tired. And when the daylight came in at my windows that morning, Fred and Maria was good friends again, and he had his arms around her and she clung close to him, but little Gustavus was gone. Gone where such dreadful words as money ain't never mentioned; gone straight up to the great white throne without no fears and no misgivings! Oh Fred, you're a rich man now, for you've got a child up in heaven.

That night Maria had the children kneel down and say their prayers in her room, but I never see her shed no tears, nor heard her a grieving. She hid her poor broken heart away in her bosom, and there wan't no getting at it to comfort it. I couldn't but lay awake nights a hearing of her a walking up and down in her room, and a chafing and a wearing all to herself, and them tears she couldn't shed was a wetting my pillow and fairly a bathing my poor prayers for her.

We had an early spring this year, and Fred said the doctor told him I'd better not stay in New York till warm weather came. So I wrote to Sam Avery and told him I was a coming home in May, and I thought I ought to tell him how I'd gone contrary to his advice and signed away all I'd ever lent Fred, and made him a life member of the Bible Society and them. And I asked him not to feel hard to me and to see that the widow Dean had my room ready against I got back. Maria was stiller than ever, and hardly ever talked at all, and Fred looked full of care and yet more as he used to when he was a boy. And we parted kindly, and Maria as good as said she was sorry to have me go, only it was time to take the children out of town. Fanny, she said she was a going

with me, and she got a little trunk and put her things in it, and was as busy as a bee folding and packing. And when I saw her heart so set upon it, I felt a pang such as I never felt before, to think I hadn't got no home to take her to, and how it wouldn't do to venture her on the widow Dean who couldn't abide children. Well! her Pa had to carry her off by main force when the carriage came, and I had a dull journey home, for I didn't seem to have no home, only the name of one. For I never took to boardin'.

It was past five o'clock when I got to Goshen post-office, and thinks I Sam Avery wont be upbraiding of me to-night for its quite a piece from his house over to the Widow's. But who should I see a waiting there at the depot but Sam and his shay.

'How dy'e do? aunt Avery, glad to see you home again,' says he, 'jump right into the shay and I'll get your trunk. Amanda, she's waiting tea for you, and I rather think you'll find it bilin' hot,' says he.

'But I was a going to the widow Dean's,' says I.

'Don't talk no widow Dean's to me,' says Sam, 'but you jest get into that shay o' mine and go where you're took to aunt Avery.'

And how nice and clean and shiny Amanda's house did look, to be sure! And how she kissed me and said over and over 'twas good to get me home again. And how that tea did build me up, and make me feel young and spry as I used to feel in old times.

Well, after tea I put on an apron she lent me, and she and me we washed up and cleared away, and Sam, he read a chapter and we had prayers, and I went to bed, and I never knew nothing after I laid my head on the pillow, but slept all night like a little baby.

At breakfast I expected Sam would begin about Fred, but he didn't, and Amanda she didn't, and we two we washed up the dishes and swept the floors and made the beds, and Amanda she let me do jest as I was a mind to, and it didn't seem like boardin' at all. And after a

while I left off expecting Sam to hector me about Fred, and got to feeling easy in my mind. And we had the minister to tea, and his wife and children, and you never saw nobody so pleased as they was at their things. For of course I wasn't going to New York without getting a black silk gown for my minister's wife, and a doll for little Rebecca, and wooden cats and dogs for the rest of 'em. Sam Avery he was a going and a coming more'n common this spring, and he says to me one day, 'Aunt Avery don't you go to looking at the old place when you're wandering out. You see Squire Jackson's been a cutting and a hacking, and there's a good deal going on there, and it might rile your feelings to see the muss,' says he.

So I didn't go near the old place, and I didn't want to, and the time it slipped by and I got to feeling that nothing aggravating hadn't never happened to me. Folks come for aunt Avery when they was sick jest as they used to, and the minister he dropped in every now and then, and Deacon Morse he had over plenty of them rough sayings of his that didn't mean nothing but good-will, and so I felt quite to home. There wasn't but one thing a stinging of me, and that was Fred and his ways, and Maria and her ways. And I kind o' yearned after them children, and couldn't help a thinking if I hadn't been and sold the old place, ther'd always been a home for them in the summer time, and a plenty of new milk and fresh eggs.

Well! it got to be well on into July, and one afternoon, Sam Avery he come in and says he 'Aunt Avery you put on your bonnet and get into the shay and go right down to the old place. There's somebody down there wants looking after,' says he.

'Dear me, is any of 'em sick?' says I. And I put on my things, and Sam whipped up the old horse, and next news, we was driving up to the house. Things didn't look so changed after all. Them trees was gone, there's no denying of it, but there wasn't nothing else gone, and when I went in there wasn't none o' Squire Jackson's red and yaller carpets on the floors nor none o' his things a laying about. But there was my little light-stand a set-

ting in the corner, and my old Bible on it with the spectacles handy by jest as they used to be, and our cat she come a rubbing of herself against me, as much as to say, 'Glad to see you back aunt Avery,' and them two little children, they come running up, and one kissed me and the other hugged me, and 'twas Fanny and Matildy, and then Fred Avery he walks up, and says he, 'Welcome home aunt Avery!' and Maria she takes both o' my old hands and a squeezes of 'em up to her heart, and then says she, 'Here's our new baby come to see you, and her name's Aunt Avery,' says she, and she put it into my arms and 'twasn't bigger than a kitten, but it had a little mite of a smile a shining on its face all ready a waiting for me. By this time I was a'most beat out, but they set me down in my old chair, and them children they was round me, and Fred a smiling, and Maria a smiling, and Sam Avery a shaking hands with every body, and I didn't pretend to make nothing out o' nobody, for I knew 'twasn't nothing real, only something I was reading out of a book. Only that 'ere little baby that was named aunt Avery, it held tight hold o' one o' my fingers with its tiny little pink hand, and that wasn't nothing you could read out of a book no how. And then Amanda she opened the door into the big kitchen and there was a great long table set out with my best china and things, and our minister and his wife and all them children, and Deacon Morse and the Widow Dean, they'd come to tea. And the minister he stood up, and says he, 'Let us pray.' And in his prayer he told the Lord all about it, though I guess the Lord knew before, how Maria had made Fred sell that big house of his, and how he'd bought me back the old place, and how we was all come to tea, and a good many other things I couldn't rightly hear for the crying and the sobbing that was a going on all round. And then we had tea, and I never thought when Amanda

made me fry all them dough-nuts and stir up such a sight o' cake what 'twas all a coming to, for its my opinion that nobody knows when they does a thing, what's a going to come next, though the Lord he knows all along.

Well, it begun to grow dark, and one after another they all come and bid me good-night, till at last everybody was gone but me and Maria and them children of hers. And Maria came up to me, and says she, 'Does the old place look pleasant, aunt Avery?' but I couldn't answer her for them tears that kept a choking me. And so she said if I didn't mind, and it wouldn't be too much trouble, she wanted to stay with me the rest of the summer, till Fred could get a new, honest home for her somewhere else. Wasn't that just like an angel now, after all the trouble I'd been and made for her, a setting of her against her husband, and a turning of her out of her beautiful house and home, and a making her buy back for me my old place? So she and me we undressed them children, and made them kneel down and say their prayers, and we put them to bed up stairs, and I began to feel to home.

And Maria she staid till cold weather came, and she sat and read my old Bible, and talked to them children about the place Gustavus had traveled to, and she paid respect to our minister, and wiped up the china when I washed it, and fitted her ways to my ways quite meek and quiet-like.

And Fred paid back every cent he'd borrowed, for he'd kept account, and knew all about it, and he started fair and square in the world again, owing nothing to nobody. So now I've a home for him and Maria and the children, and the old house is full of Averys once more, and so is the old pew, and all the taxes paid up regular.

So you are a rich man now, Fred, and you're a rich woman, Maria, for you've got a child up in heaven!

“TOUCHED WITH THE FEELING OF OUR INFIRMITIES.”

It were possible to conceive of our Redemption as a governmental measure only, gracious in design, and full of wisdom and power in execution, yet evincing no fatherly feeling, no pity or sympathy for man as a creature of weakness and sorrow. It were also possible to conceive of our Deliverer as wanting in the elements of personal attraction, dying for man as a duty or in obedience to some behest of necessity, and not from the constraining power of love. But in the gospel God puts on the character of the Father, speaks words of endearment, and exhibits the yearnings of infinite tenderness, in order to win back his prodigal children. The gospel is not so much the power of intellectual and visible demonstrations, to awe the mind and compel conviction, as of a grand *attraction*, having its seat in the deepest heart of the Godhead, and shining brighter and brighter along the ages, till it culminates on Calvary in the person of the dying Son of Mary. Jesus has come down into our very nature, become our Brother in form and in fact, in condition and experience, that he might minister to us and assure us of Heaven's infinite pity for us and desire for our salvation.

The Sympathy of Christ is one of the great attractions of his character, and one of the chief elements of his power. It is a topic of delightful interest to us.

Sympathy is one of the latent forces of spiritual being. We can not philosophize upon it. Like the gentle breeze which fans us, we are conscious of its presence, but we cannot tell whence it cometh or whither it goeth. It is a profound mystery. But we all confess its power. It has flashed along every line of the soul. The electric wires ramify our whole nature, and at the touch of the finger of God, the life current passes over them all. There is not an *isolated* being in the universe. These hidden wires connect us all together and join us all to that unseen Hand away in the depths of eternity which controls the whole system of being.

Human sympathy demands, both of the preacher and the political economist, a closer study than it has yet received. There is a power in it, both for evil and for good, which is but imperfectly understood. Man is a creature of sympathy. Sympathy is the highest power of his being: it will conquer him when every thing else has failed. The life around us is full of illustrations of this. We look at social changes and conditions, and can not explain them. We see one mind swaying other minds, and we can not account for the fact. Sympathy is at work with its subtle forces and through a thousand channels which the eye can not detect, and which our philosophy can not discover. In certain conditions of individual and social being, the law of sympathy is absolute. It stirs to the deepest fountain. It binds hearts indissolubly. It assimilates natures and conditions very unlike. It breathes life or death over a whole community.

Now the mission and work of Christ are adapted to give the greatest effect to this element of our being; they bring down into Humanity the sympathies of the Godhead, and make them a living power for its restoration. The sympathy of God and the sympathy of man meet and blend in the person of Christ. He has come down—all the way down from supreme Divinity into our fallen nature and fallen world, and put his heart in close contact with our heart, and spoken to us as a Friend and Brother, and taken upon himself our griefs and infirmities. Jesus Christ thus comes to us in the only way that can make him available and welcome to us—down the dark pathway of suffering and sorrow, and, flashing in the soul's lowest dungeon the light of a Brother's love, and ringing out the words of a divine sympathy, he extends a helping hand. His feeling is more than that of pity and compassion—it is that of an all-penetrating *sympathy*, springing from a perfect knowledge and appreciation of the conditions and demands of our nature.

1. The sympathy of Christ for his people is the sympathy of a COMMON NATURE. As God, he could not enter into all our feelings. Between our sinful and fallen nature and the pure and exalted nature of Deity there could be no fellow-feeling, no affinity; there is no basis for it except in the person of the Mediator. For sin has alienated the creature from the Creator, and destroyed the very foundations of friendliness. But Christ met the otherwise insuperable difficulty by bringing the two natures together in one person. He came down into fallen Humanity and in the very nature which sin had defiled and cursed, struck the roots of the Divine nature. By one amazing act of condescension he bridged the great gulf which cut us off from God and opened upon our desolate world the sealed fountains of Heaven. "He took not on him the nature of angels," for the reason that *only* in the nature which sin had debased and oppressed with sin and woe, could he stay the tide of ruin and begin the work of salvation. He took on him "the seed of Abraham"—our flesh and manhood, a human body and a human soul—and thus he forever identified himself with Humanity, and absolutely linked his being and destiny with it. By this act he became our Brother, a *man* like one of us, our infirmities even not excepted.

Christ is not more Divine than Human. I love to think of him as God, radiant with his eternal glory, and wielding the scepter of universal sovereignty. Human nature demands a Divine Saviour, and can rest securely in no other. His divinity is the sheet-anchor of hope.

But I love equally to think of Christ as a MAN, living in a state of probation, and under the curse of sin, and passing through all the conditions and experiences of a common nature. I love to study him in his earthly history, from the time he lay a helpless infant in Mary's arms, till he bowed his head on Calvary. I love to dwell on the relations he filled in his human nature—his friendships, his personal wants and trials and joys—and to journey with him on foot along the valleys, and over the hills of "Judea, Samaria and

Galilee," and witness his daily life, and see how his heart ever went out in love and compassion towards the erring and the suffering—the eye that will one day flash wrath on his enemies, admiring the delicate beauty of the lily, and the sweetness of infancy, and weeping over Jerusalem and at the grave of friendship—the hand that will strike through kings in the day of his power, stretched out to bless little children, to heal the sick, or to perform the gentle ministries of earthly affection—the lips on whose awful utterances worlds will wait, conversing familiarly with his disciples on matters relating to their humble life, or their religious faith, or discoursing to the multitude such words of tender and persuasive love as no man beside him ever spoke—"the common people hearing him gladly"—the meek and the lowly, the heavy laden and the sorrowing, the penitent and the inquiring, pressing to his ministry; weary, yet ever at work—filled with all the fulness of the Godhead, yet dependent and "not where to lay his head"—his mind occupied with the greatest and grandest of all God's works, and yet attentive to the humblest call of duty, talking at length with the woman of Samaria at Jacob's Well, or sitting down with the little family of Bethany, and, while enjoying its hospitality, contriving to administer a gentle rebuke to the over-anxious Martha, while he puts the cup of life to the thirsty lips of the waiting Mary.

Here, on this field, I seem to get *very nigh to Jesus*, to be brought into actual contact with him, to move in a sphere all alive with divine sympathies and instinct with the teaching and the example of a perfect manhood. I seem to hear a brother's voice speaking to me in familiar tones and saying, "Follow me." I seem to feel a brother's hand laid upon me, giving me strength and assurance to go forward in life's duties. The Christian life is made tangible and real to me, when I take this view of the Divine Man.

Oh, no! It is not the sympathy of a *stranger* or of some *far-off* being, which I feel kindling upon me, coming to my soul in the visions of the night and in the conflicts of the day, to cheer and sustain

my oft-fainting spirit. But it is the sympathy of one *always by my side* in all life's cares and trials and duties, and between whom and me there exist the real ties and feelings of a common nature; the sympathy of one who can enter into my inmost being, and who knows and appreciates everything which concerns me; not the sympathy which pity awakens, but the sympathy which arises from an actual community of interests and experiences, deep, absorbing and assimilating.

2. The sympathy of Christ is the sympathy of a COMMON CONDITION. Equality of condition, as well as equality of nature, is essential to a perfect or even to a high degree of sympathy. The king and the subject, the rich and the poor, the learned and the illiterate, the always healthy and the sickly, the bold and the timid, the man of iron nerves and the man of acute sensibilities, can not sympathize to any considerable extent one with the other. The one class can not appreciate or even understand the feelings of the other. There is so great a dissimilarity in their outward lot and circumstances that it is impossible for them really to enter into each other's feelings. Take a man who was born and bred in affluence, whose every want has been met, and whose life has known no toil and but little care or anxiety, and what does he really know of the burdens which the poor man has to carry, the temptations which daily knock at the door of his heart, the anxieties which corrode his peace, and the evil and bitterness of his lot? Such is the difference in all the externals of their life and being, that there is, there can be, no soul-union or sympathy. You must *equalize* their outward condition before you can establish between them the law of sympathy. This inequality of condition is a bar to social sympathy and union among the several classes which compose society, and a bar so real and formidable that no political economy has yet been able to remove it.

Now, the Son of God, in order to make a broad and open channel for the flow of sympathy, has come down to our actual condition. Although equal with the

Father, he took on him "the seed of the woman." Although Lord of all, he became a subject. Rich, he stooped to the lowest poverty. The Glory of heaven, he was born in a manger, of humble parentage, and ate his bread in the sweat of his brow, and subjected himself to all the essential conditions of our fallen and suffering humanity. Not in regal state or splendor did he come down to earth, but as one of a *fallen* race. Had he come otherwise than he did, the equality of our condition had not been perfect. In his humanity he belonged to no privileged class, but to universal man. His birth, and social lot and life of labor, identified him with the common people, and "the common people," we read, "heard him gladly;" because he was one of them; he apprehended their wants and trials and straits as no other teacher had ever done. He brought himself down to the level of their capacity, and social life, and religious wants, and taught them that the true dignity and worth of man is spiritual, not outward—that God is no respecter of persons but accepts every one who is of a lowly mind, and pure in heart. The common people form the great mass of mankind in every age of the world, and hence Christ sprung from them and identified his life and ministry with them; because he thus reached the very center of humanity; and also, that he might demonstrate the important truth, that the interest he felt in man was not the interest which wealth, or station, or rank, or social position is apt to create; but the interest which springs from an appreciation of the dignity and worth of the human soul, as made in the image of God, and made for immortality!

3. The Sympathy of Christ is likewise the sympathy of a COMMON EXPERIENCE. He has passed through all the conditions and taken upon himself all the infirmities of our lapsed nature. He has felt in his own person both the joys and the woes of humanity. He has walked the varied rounds of man's earthly experience. There is not a burden laid upon us that he has not borne. There is not a path we tread that he has not trodden. Every

step we take in our weary pilgrimage his blessed feet have measured off. Not a cup is put to our lips that he has not drained. Not an enemy assails us that he has not encountered. He is familiar with all the ills and conflicts of the flesh, having endured them all. He is "touched with the feeling of our infirmities," because he has known them all and felt them all. He was "made perfect through sufferings." He has "borne our griefs and carried our sorrows." He was "tempted in all points like as we are." He has endured in his own human nature and experience the actual evils from which he came to deliver his people. All that we have felt of the evil of sin, of the misery of our fallen state, of the dreadful nature of God's wrath, of the malice of the devil, and of human want and weakness—Christ has experienced. He emptied himself of the fulness of the Godhead that he might know the feeling of dependence and want. He put himself into all the conditions of our sad experience that he might learn the kind and measure of our sufferings, and thus be qualified to meet every demand which could be made upon him.

Nay, his experience was one of peculiar and extreme suffering. He was in very deed "a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief." His was a state of absolute *solitariness*; for who could know his heart, or impart sympathy and solace to him? With a keenly sensitive nature, what pangs pierced through and through his human soul, while he "endured the contradiction of sinners!" Alive to the evil of sin and of God's wrath as no other human heart ever was, what burdens of grief and anxiety continually oppressed his spirits! Feeling an infinite compassion for man in his guilt and ruin, how he travailed in prayer day and night for his salvation!

What a record have we of his experience! "He was smitten of God and afflicted"—"despised and rejected of men." "He came unto his own and his own received him not." "The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests, but the Son of Man hath not where

to lay his head." He was known only as "the carpenter's son," and stigmatized as a "Nazarene." His disciples were mostly poor and illiterate. His neighbors sought to slay him. His nation disowned and scornfully entreated him. The Jewish priesthood pursued him with relentless hatred. The wise, the rich and the noble spurned him. Friends forsook and betrayed him. And he was finally put to death as a malefactor.

No man has endured and suffered as did the innocent One. And it was all for *our* sakes—the just for the unjust—that he might know how to feel for his people in all their trials and distresses and be prepared to impart a ready and a full measure of sympathy and support to them.

The Sympathy of Christ for his people is, therefore, the sympathy of a common Nature, the sympathy of a common Condition, and the sympathy of a common Experience. Hence it is a sympathy broad as human experience, deep as the human heart, radical as the evil it is meant to counteract, warm and cordial as a brother's and true and full and lasting as the nature of God.

There is Power in this sympathy as an element of good. We *need* it as a solace to the heart, a spur to effort, a ground of encouragement.

There are longings of the heart which earthly loves and sympathies do not satisfy; which nothing, indeed, short of a Divine friendship can meet. What child of sorrow has not gone the round of earthly friends, seeking solace and support against some great trouble or despondency, and been taught by experience the utter insufficiency of such a dependence? Our friends do not exactly comprehend our case, or they are not in a sympathetic mood, or their own troubles exhaust or absorb their energies. But in the Divine Man we have a friend whose heart is turned towards us always, and is full of tenderness always; and, fleeing to his sympathy for refuge, we shall find it a tower of strength in the day of evil, and a place of repose amidst the cares and sorrows of life.

The adaptation of this sympathy is

wonderful. Sympathy is effective only as it meets the case in hand. Every man's experience is, in some of its features, *peculiar* to himself. In all the world there is not a man just like yourself, one whose constitution and experience qualify him to extend sympathy to you at *all* points. Our best friends really sympathize with us in only a few items; there is much in us which they blame or only tolerate. We have thoughts, moods, feelings, joys, sorrows, which we can not impart to any human friend. But Christ's sympathy readily adapts itself to every want and condition of human nature. His eye reads the secret feeling of the heart. His feet explore every intricate chamber of the soul. He marks every item of our experience. He has a divine perception of all the elements of our being, character and history. He comes down to us in the solitariness of the heart, where no friendly footfall was ever heard, and breathes life and sweetness there. He applies the balm with infinite skill. His ministry is not that of a stranger, feeling his way in the dark, and at times irritating and wounding through ignorance; but it is the ministry of a Divine wisdom made perfect for this office by a mission of personal suffering.

The fullness of this sympathy is infinite. Human sympathy at best is limited. It disappoints us. Where we want much we get but little. *All* earthly fountains are shallow; we exhaust them and are not satisfied. The heart is desolate; the soul is made to bear some great sorrow, and all the kindness and attention of friends fails to solace us. But there is a fountain which never runs dry. There is a heart which feels for every human pang. There is a friend who will cheer under any and every despondency, walk with us over every rough spot in life, share every burden, and comfort under every sorrow.

While the sympathy of Christ is the sympathy of a Man, it is also the sympathy of a God. The divine nature, which is so mysteriously united to the human, imparts its own fullness to it. So that his sympathy is as exhaustless as the God-head. It is ever full as the fountains of

Heaven, and as sweet and life-imparting to the soul.

And was there ever so patient a sympathy? Our earthly friends soon weary of us; the frequent repetition of our griefs and bodily ills will at length only excite their impatience or disgust. Many a suffering one has learned to conceal even from his friends many a pain and ill and sorrow, because he fears to tax farther their patience and sympathy. But Jesus is *NEVER* weary of the cry of want or grief. We may go to Him with *all* our cares and trials, and doubts, and burdens, and go seven times a day, and spread out our case before him, and dwell upon every item, and repeat the story, and press our suit—we shall not offend or weary him.

"Many sensitive and fastidious natures are worn out by the constant friction of what are called *little troubles*. Without any great affliction they feel that all the sweetness of their life is faded; their eye grows dim, their cheek careworn, and their spirit loses hope and elasticity and becomes bowed with premature age, and in the midst of tangible and physical comfort they are restless and unhappy. The constant undercurrent of little cares and vexations which is slowly wearing on the finer springs of life, is seen by no one—scarce do they ever speak of these things to their nearest friends. Yet were there a friend of a spirit so discerning as to feel and sympathize in all these things, how much of this repressed electric restlessness would pass off through such a sympathizing mind."*

Such a friend is the Son of Man. His sympathy is as available to us in the little troubles and vexations of every-day life as under the greatest trials and the sorest griefs. It is not so much hard work which wears out so many fine natures as it is incessant *worrying*. It is not so much the weight of the burden which makes the soul cry out as it is the chafing which it causes. But if the soul, ever conscious of its own weakness and dependence, will but confide in the All Sympathizing One, he will give it patience day by day. He

* Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe.

will adjust every burden so as to avoid all chafing. He will impart such cheerfulness to the spirits as will dissipate the clouds and damps which chill and obscure the inner life, and give a heavenly serenity and sweetness to the temper.

What an unspeakable comfort to know that in all our afflictions he is afflicted; that he shares in all our griefs; and is no stranger to our trials. Had he not his conflicts with temptation and evil in every form while in the world? Had he not his hours of weakness and fear? Hear that cry of soul-agony which breaks on the midnight air in the garden, "O, my Father! if it be possible, let this cup pass from me." Listen to that wail of suffering humanity which goes up from the cross, "My God! my God! why hast thou forsaken me?" Such hours of mental conflict and suffering we never experienced. Then felt Jesus the weakness of the fallen nature which he had taken to himself. The burden of human guilt seemed then too heavy to be borne even by the Son of God!

And yet the very weakness of Jesus is our strength. We gather courage from those terrible baptisms of darkness which came upon him. The trial and suffering which made his "soul exceeding sorrowful, even unto death," bring him nearer to his people. He knows the full power of human infirmity and weakness, and the horrors of spiritual desertion, by a memorable experience.

"Go to dark Gethsemane,
Ye who feel the tempter's power;
Your Redeemer's conflict see;
Watch with him one bitter hour:
Turn not from his griefs away,
Learn of Jesus Christ to pray."

TEMPTED IN ALL POINTS LIKE AS WE ARE: The Bible had not been complete without that record. Had the Divine Man never known temptation and conflict and suffering by a broad and memorable personal experience, he had failed to inspire his people with full confidence in him as their Deliverer; and his promises had lacked that point and fullness which now give them such sweetness and power.

Many a redeemed one is all his life in

bondage to the fear of death. Death fills him with dismay. The grave is a living terror to him. But it need not be so. Had not our Redeemer himself been under the power of death and laid in the grave, we might well fear them. But our Elder Brother has been before us even here. Dying, he has vanquished death. He has explored the invisible realm which lies between us and the spirit-world, and flung light down into the tomb; and now he says to his own, "Come on and fear not." His voice rings out as they enter the Valley of the Shadow of Death, and its tones fill them with assurance and peace. His rod and his staff have piloted many a pilgrim safely and even joyfully through these silent and gloomy regions, and millions of times have they echoed the triumphant shout, "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? The sting of death is sin; and the strength of sin is the law. But thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

HOURS AT HOME.

Like the great rock's grateful shade,
In a strange and weary land—
Like the desert's cooling spring,
To a faint and drooping band—
So, to all will memories come,
Of the peaceful "Hours at Home!"

To the sailor on the sea
As the midnight watch he keeps
Some sweet thought of home will be
With him if he wakes or sleeps.
Memories of mother-love
Follow where his footsteps rove!

On the bloody field of death
Where brave hearts beat faint and low,
Heroes with their parting breath,
Say some word before they go
That a comrade sad and lone
Will bear back to those at home!

"Hours at Home!" can we forget
Aught that makes their mem'ry dear?
Youth and childhood linger yet
With their skies so brightly clear,
And we bless, where'er we roam,
All that speaks of "Hours at Home!"

A VISIT TO GOETHE IN WEIMAR.

IN the summer of 1824, I was in Bonn, busied, with my friend Karl Hermann, in painting in fresco the halls of the University, after the cartoons of Cornelius. It was at the time of the demagogue phrensy, which crowded the Prussian prisons. So it happened that one fine morning I was summoned by the police from my painter's scaffolding, and placed behind bars and bolts, because I, to my no small astonishment, was a member of a secret treasonable league. One of the prisoners in Köpenik, it was said, had denounced me. Happily I could at once prove my entire innocence of the alleged crime to the authorities of the University, so that the celebrated Niebuhr, in connexion with the curator of the University privy-councillor, Rehfuës, effected my release before the royal council.

My imprisonment, thus rendered very short, was otherwise of service to me. As I sat the next morning before my wet frescoes, I received numerous visits from friends and strangers, among the rest from Professor d'Alton, the gifted historian of art. To him I was indebted, when I left Bonn in the autumn of 1825, in order to follow Cornelius to Munich, and choose my course in Weimar, for what was to me invaluable, a letter of introduction to Goethe. The feeling which once drew me to Switzerland and the Tyrolese Alps beat strong in my heart, as I held in my hand the paper which opened my way to the highest intellectual court of my nation and times. For I confess, that in my eyes, the man who worked with such transcendent power upon all spheres of life, and all the most important movements of the times, was invested with a mythical enchantment, and seemed to me at an unapproachable distance. Although I, according to my custom, wandered to the mouth of the Rhine, up through Hesse and Thuringia, and slowly made my way back, I seemed to myself to travel with winged feet.

On the fifth of November I came to Weimar. Early the next day I introduced

myself to Goethe in writing, and by sending Prof. d'Alton's letter of introduction; and received an invitation to call upon him at twelve o'clock. I took with me a drawing after the fresco painting of "Theology" executed by myself and Hermann, and another pupil of Cornelius, and passed over the sacred threshold.

With an inexpressible feeling of mingled joy and anxiety, only slightly lessened even by the "salve" of entrance, I stepped into the large reception room. Yet I knew that the noble poet of Faust was also the cool critic of the Faust of Cornelius, who placed it on the same level with that of Retzsch, almost with that of Delacroix, and who in the "Nibelungen" of my great master, could praise only the "antique, heroic sense and the incredible technical skill." And still he was the great prince of poets, praised by ten thousand tongues, and the object of my own deepest reverence.

I had expected to find him sitting like a king upon a throne, and intended to stand at a modest distance near the door. What was my surprise and sudden relief when he came toward me with open arms, seized me with both hands and gave me a most cordial welcome! After inquiries about d'Alton's health, he went at once to the artistic projects in Bonn, and was delighted that I could accompany my answers with my drawing.

It was one of Goethe's peculiar traits, that the aristocratic reserve which he maintained in society, and with strangers of distinction, he entirely dropped in the presence of young people, placing himself, so to speak, on their level, and even asking information from them. His demeanor gave me the most agreeable impression; all constraint vanished, my tongue was loosed.

I then explained to him the plan proposed by Cornelius, and approved by the Prussian government, that of adorning in fresco the halls of the University in Bonn with historical representations of the four faculties—Theology, Philosophy, Juris-

prudence and Medicine; informed him how the beginning had been made with theology, which Cornelius had deputed to the painter Carl Hermann from Dresden, with myself and another of his pupils as assistants, so that in the execution of the separate groups a certain independence should be preserved. This Goethe heard with a questioning "so?" Then I gave, interrupted now and then by a "hem" or "so so!" from Goethe, an explanation of the drawing; that the allegorical figure upon the pedestal in the middle represented Theology, with the geniuses of Investigation and Faith, that next them stood the Evangelists like pillars, attended by the Fathers of the church seated in two rows, whom, with all the persons represented, I designated by name. Then I pointed out the most prominent representatives of ancient church history, the founders of sects and orders; the representatives of the hierarchy, (Gregory VII and Innocent III,) the scholastic theologians, and the godly Thomas a Kempis; then, on the other hand, the propagators of Christianity, down to the representatives of reform, from Peter Waldo, Huss and Wickliffe, to Luther and his contemporaries and co-workers, and the theologians of the seventeenth century. Finally I pointed out the two groups in the foreground, expressing the tendency of the present age to a reconciliation between Catholic faith and Protestant inquiry, to which the old master listened with a most friendly, but also most incredulous air.

"A praiseworthy undertaking," said Goethe, "and conceived with enthusiasm and earnest study. One must interest himself in church history in order to understand it. But I have other doubts," and he turned and walked up and down the room as he spoke. "Allegory is not to be dispensed with in painting, any more than in poetry. But the question is, whether it is here produced in the right place, or at least in the right form. Is it colored, that is, represented with the appearance of actual life?" When I answered in the affirmative, he proceeded, "That would disturb me. A marble group on this spot would express the idea,

without coming into disharmony with the actual persons who surround it. I have also just now another scruple. What is still in progress can not be fairly seen; we can have a clear view only of what is completed. That group of the reconciled confessions seems more like a pious wish than an accomplished fact."

More than an hour passed in examining and conversation, when he was summoned to his midday meal, and my visit came to an end. He gave me his hand cordially, and said, "To-morrow I celebrate the half-century of my public life. I do not know what my friends are going to do, and I await it in all modesty. I shall be glad to see you among them."

How I reached the hotel I know not. I went at once to my room, and repeated to myself all that had passed from moment to moment, to assure myself that it was not a dream. To have seen Goethe, to have talked with him, to have been invited to come again! My room was too small for my happiness. I rushed out into the Park, perhaps the happiest man that day in Weimar.

I would gladly have shared my joy with some one, had I known whom. Then it occurred to me that I might put it in a form in which it could be presented at the jubilee. In August of that year, we, a merry company of friends in Bonn, had celebrated Goethe's birth-day on the Drachenfels, and thereupon I made father Rhine tell the story to the old master, and took the poem with me, when, on the morning of the seventh of November, I went to the house where the jubilee was to be celebrated.

Here I found a select company, women and maidens of Weimar in festive attire, distinguished men of Weimar and Jena, and, at the end of the room, a table with costly gifts, especially of woman's handiwork. Here, too, I saw Eckermann again, who had visited me in the summer in Bonn, and who now, with great friendliness, proffered his kind offices in Weimar. When Goethe entered, attended, if I recollect rightly, by his son, his daughter-in-law, and his two grand-sons, he was greeted by an appropriate festive song by four

voices, of which Madame Eberwein was the leader. After that he shook hands with each one of us, and looked with child-like joy at the presents.

Where was now the great and unapproachable man, as, according to so many reports, I had imagined him? Even the trait of divine irony in *Ranch's* bust, I sought for in vain in the living original. If it is delightful and refreshing to see our superiors in birth and station, descend to our level in the expression of their thoughts and feelings, their inclinations and habits, our admiration reaches almost to reverence when a man, who by his services and his personal worth has become a prince in the realm of intellect, to whom all men pay homage, demeans himself like one of the poorest, unconscious of his riches as of his superiority. Such was Goethe on this festal morning, so full of lovely humanities that one remembered neither the minister nor the renowned poet.

The banquet in the town-house, at which I was placed between Madame von Ahlefeldt and Eckermann, and where there was no lack of poems and toasts, was followed by a representation of *Iphigenia* at the theatre, such as I had never seen even in Berlin, as perfect in the truth and reality of its expression, as in the correctness of its poetical rendering,—the noblest festal offering to a poet.

Eckermann kept his word, and made me acquainted with most of the men and women artists of Weimar, and took me at last to the grand duke's collection of art. But I was to see all that was brilliant in Weimar. D'Alton had given me a letter of introduction to the grand duke Charles Augustus, upon the sending of which an invitation soon followed. This was in fact, so to speak, an old acquaintance, though only on one side, my own. During my course of study at Jena, I had often enough seen the duke at the window of his friend, the court apothecary, and, with my comrades, sung Körner's songs to him; and, in company with my fellow students, had been his guest in an unknown manner, at the christening of his grandson, the present reigning grand

duke; I had also seen him at a modest distance in Bonn, when he visited the halls. He was now much interested in our frescoes, and, with the help of my drawing, I gave him a full explanation of them. What I said before in relation to Goethe, I found most fully applicable to the grand duke, in whom the prince was so hidden behind the man that only one's own recollection perceived him. He expressed a strong desire to have some fresco paintings in Weimar also, which I heard with a somewhat premature joy.

On the ninth of November Goethe invited me to dinner. "I hope," said he as I entered, "to make you acquainted to-day with the men who represent art among us." And in fact a numerous and highly interesting company was soon assembled. Goethe introduced me to the chief architect Coudray, who eagerly caught at the grand duke's idea of the frescoes, and, seconded with vivacity by Goethe, immediately designated the new burial hall as the place where the paintings would show with most effect.

Our places at table were assigned to us. Mine was between architect Coudray and councillor Henry Meyer, known among artists by the title of "*Kunscht-Meyer*," on account of his German-Swiss pronunciation. Farther to the left sat Goethe's daughter-in-law, Otilia, and, opposite me, her charming sister, a young lady full of life and spirit, was between Goethe and his son. No word or look escaped me of the man, who to-day seemed to me, now like the Olympian Zeus, now like the god of the muses, captivating all hearts, enchaining all thoughts. He first turned the conversation upon the painter Asmus Carstens, and when I could not repress the delight I had felt in his drawings in the grand duke's collection, he said, "Everything has its orderly course, and it is a very significant fact that this genius, from whom we date the beginning of the new epoch of German art, should have devoted himself especially to the poets and thinkers of classical antiquity."

"That has kept him, however," said the councillor, "from that unfortunate imitation of the old German style, which his

followers have considered an imperative duty."

"And yet," I remarked, "he was opposed as well as his followers; he was even almost unknown in his fatherland, until Cornelius touched the hearts of the people in placing *"Faust"* before their eyes."

Goethe received this remark with manifest pleasure, but added that Cornelius had done right in leaving the forms borrowed from the old German art which he had used in his *"Faust,"* when he engaged in his present mythological task. I repeated a remark which Cornelius once made to me, that the style must be determined by the object to be represented, and that he should not now give to *"Faust"* and the *"Nibelungen,"* a different mode of expression from his former one. "This view," interrupted Eckermann, "seems to confound poetry with painting. For the latter, with its immediate impressions upon the senses, we surely need other laws, than where mere fancy and imagination are concerned."

"There is a difference," remarked Goethe, "still I must agree with Cornelius, for I could not have written *Iphigenia* and *Tasso* in the style of *Faust* and *Götz*, nor the converse."

The conversation was interrupted in a surprising manner, perhaps so only to myself. At one end of the table was a flutter, a whispering, a light signal on a glass, and a song in four voices was commenced. It was the pleasant custom, as Eckermann confided to me, to season the dinner with songs on festive occasions, to the special delight of Goethe, and, accordingly, this day there was a song after every course. Among others was the song, "Seizes me—I know not how—a heavenly joy." When it closed, Goethe proceeded: "Some one ascribes to odors the peculiar power of waking recollections. Music and song act just as distinctly in the same way. The evening for which I wrote the song which had just been sung comes vividly before me. It was on the departure of our prince-royal for Paris, when a company of friends was around him. Schiller had written for the same evening his well-known song on the prince-royal, which

we sang to the tune of the *"Rheinweinlied,"* and now it is all before me—the evening, Schiller, the circle of friends, the departure, everything to the minutest circumstance."

This recollection brought the company almost to an *adagio* tone, and in order to avert this, as it seemed to me, Madame Ottilia directed the conversation from Goethe to myself. "You have told our father and ourselves much that has been very interesting, of your own and your friends' artistic labors. Permit me now to ask a question still nearer to the hearts of us women: 'How do you live with your master, I mean in what social relations to him?'"

"Like sons with a father," I replied. "Many of us feel precisely like members of his family. We spend many evenings at his house; the children hang about us as if we were their uncles; the master talks to us with wonderful clearness and precision, tells us about Rome, of his experiences and his professional history, of the ancient and modern masters, of every thing which moves the heart and elevates the soul. We all hang on his words with the deepest reverence. As he is always in Munich on his birth-day, near the end of June, we have selected the day of St. Sylvester as his anniversary, in order to give him a token of our gratitude. On that day we have always gone with torches, music and songs in front of his house, and poured out our hearts, and all Düsseldorf has taken part in it, like one family. And now," I added, "this bond is broken, Cornelius is gone, and we are all going after him, for we can not think of living without him, and Düsseldorf will attach itself to others as it attached itself to us."

"One thing more," resumed Madame Ottilia, you do not speak of the wife of Cornelius. She is a Roman lady—does she keep aloof from you?"

"By no means," I replied, "She is kind and friendly to every one, particularly to the nearer friends of the family. She is an ardent Roman, but still loves Germany so well that she already speaks its language very tolerably. We honor her as the wife of our master, and, last May,

when she recovered from a long and dangerous illness, we celebrated her recovery by a festival in the woods, in which it was doubtful whether youthful pleasure seeking, glad sympathy, or the spring time was the chief motive power. However it might be, many of us found our way quickly to this sylvan festival."

This brought even my strong neighbor, the Court Councillor Meyer, into a cheerful mood. Until now, he had maintained, if not displayed, the hostile attitude he had taken in regard to modern German art. Perhaps the thought came to him that not every one who followed the new banner must needs belong to the hated "Nazarene;" perhaps my last remarks had softened him—in short, as champagne was now sent round, Goethe raised his glass, and, turning to me, said, "Let us drink to the health of your master, and happy success to his labors!" and Eckermann and most of those sitting near us followed his example, and when Goethe added, "Greet your master cordially from me, and say to him that I have rejoiced at all which you have told me of himself and his school," Meyer also turned to me, his glass in hand, hesitated, and went on to say, as it seemed to me, in another tone than the hard, dry one he had used till now, "Tell your master that I drank to his welfare with you in a glass of champagne—I mean it sincerely," (which I, of course, not only promised at the time, but also performed afterwards). So it seemed as if our talk and contradiction had served to scatter prejudice, where it had the firmest footing. After dessert Hummel seated himself at the instrument, and, with a clear, rich phantasy, gave a brilliant ending to the little feast.

Goethe had handed me from his plate a little Minerva in pastry, "in remembrance of the divinity in whose temple we are met;" after we left the table he said, "I have given you a rather perishable remembrancer, I had better accompany it with one more enduring," at the same time placing in my hand a medal with his likeness by Bory.

While at the table, I had been busy considering in what way I could show my

VOL. I.

gratitude for such distinguished kindness, and it occurred to me that I might draw the likeness of Goethe's grandsons. I proposed it to Madame Ottilia v. Goethe, and gained the most friendly assent, and I began my task the next morning.

The longer my stay in Weimar, the more delightful it became. Through Goethe I made numerous acquaintances, and I enjoyed anew, and to the fullest extent, the famous Thuringian hospitality, well known to me from my earlier days. Were I to say where I visited most frequently I should especially mention Fräulein Seidler and Fräulein Julia V. Eglofstein, both not only at home in all the spheres of art, but also accomplished artists, and both highly valued by Goethe. The families Coudray, Günther, Froriep, Röhr, Stark, and many others, showed me great hospitality.

On the 13th of November, I was again invited to dine with Goethe. This time there were no strangers present beside myself, except the architect Coudray and Eckermann.

He had requested me to bring again the drawing of "Theology," and I gave to the little company a particular explanation of it as a whole, and also of all the details. I remember the scene distinctly. Coudray looked more at the general effect, while Eckermann sought for the hand of the master in every line. Madame Ottilia, who was present with her boys, kindly incited me to conversation by her questions, and Goethe, who was in a particularly agreeable and genial mood, took the lead in the conversation, and, with grave kindness, dispensed instruction and commendation like a divinity on his sun-lit clouds.

Coudray objected strongly to the technicalities of fresco-painting lately re-introduced into Germany by Cornelius. Eckermann expressed great delight in them,—"that little sheet so full of drawings—so full of meaning"—and asked if portraits of the characters represented had been attempted, which of course, could not have been the case, especially in relation to the Evangelists and early Fathers. In historical paintings, he said, much de-

pend upon historical truth, for which reason he had a great aversion to anachronisms and similar faults. We are accustomed in altar-pieces to the grouping together of saints of different centuries—but it seemed a bold thing to place the reformers on the same canvass with the Apostles and Fathers, and still more, to show in the distance, through the arcades of the hall, Rome, the Siebenzeling near Bonn, and Wittenberg in one and the same view. But Goethe answered him by saying, "The gentlemen in Dusseldorf seem to have adopted Schiller's expression, "Art is a fable," and they are not wholly wrong! But little of art would be left to us if we excluded everything which we can not grasp and understand as we do our daily life."

Madame Ottilia here made a remark, which, with Goethe's assistance, gave a new turn to the conversation. "Elsewhere in paintings," she said, "We usually think of the characters as bearing some relation to each other. Here are so many men together in one room, here and there I see two, three, four, collected in a group, but each stands by himself, they read and speak without disturbing their neighbors, and yet it does not trouble me, it seems perfectly natural. The picture seems to me like a library, where Evangelists and Fathers, Protestants and Catholics, with all their spiritual contents stand together, well-bound, without the slightest mutual interruption."

"Now," said Goethe, "That is worth hearing, and as we are considering the idea of the picture, I have still another question to ask our young friend. You have told me," he said, turning to me, "about the two geniuses at the sides of the allegorical figure in the center. I see that they have tablets in their hands. There is no doubt as to the contents of the tablets which the Evangelists, the Fathers and Luther hold, but what is meant by the blank tablets in the hands of these winged figures?"

"If I remember rightly my visit in Bonn," said Eckermann, "There are legends upon them, but I do not recollect what they are."

"There is a pleasant bit of artistic history connected with those tablets," I replied. The geniuses represent the two elements of Theology, Faith and Investigation. In order to represent them more clearly, Hermann had put in their hands the tablets inscribed, with texts of Scripture. The one contained the words "Happy is he who hath not seen and yet believed," and the other, "Prove all things; hold fast that which is good." Objection was made to it in the Berlin ministry, I do not know whether on the Catholic or Protestant side, and shortly afterwards Hermann was directed, (I think by the curator of the University) to erase the inscriptions. He objected on the ground that, as your excellency has remarked, the blank tablets would otherwise be unintelligible, and even ludicrous. So it rested, until shortly afterwards the visit of the king of Prussia to Bonn was announced. As he must be invited to visit the Anla, no doubt remained in the minds of the heads of the University; he must not see the doubtful inscriptions. The order to erase them was repeated. In vain! "I can not deny or mutilate my own convictions," said Hermann. Daily it was examined; the inscriptions remained as if they were cast in iron. At length, on the day when the royal visit was expected, Professor D'Alton came at an early hour, and, finding the inscriptions still there, he threatened an alternative which brought me to a hasty conclusion. "We can not bring the king here," said our anxious friend, "if he is not to see that you respect his wishes expressed through his ministers." Hermann remained immovable. The moment was painful. The ministers all meant so well by us, and, on the other hand, the king's visit was so much desired, and I was sure, too, that Cornelius would have yielded in such circumstances. I looked inquiringly at Hermann. "I can not do it," said he. They gave me the brush, and the inscriptions were erased. An hour afterwards Frederick William III, attended by the curator and the professors of the University, entered the hall, and spent five or six minutes in examining our picture. He seemed not to notice the dangerous

tablets, but he might well have asked with your excellency, "Why have they no inscriptions?"

The recital seemed to amuse Goethe. "And yet," he said, "we are often thus obliged to give up the Good in order to preserve the Better!"

Meanwhile I had opened my port-folio, containing various portraits, which Goethe looked at with psychological and æsthetic interest. Among them he suddenly perceived the likenesses of his grandsons. It was a surprise, (we had kept it a secret from him) and a successful one. He expressed great gratification, which was increased by my requesting him to accept them from me.*

I had previously seen Goethe, first by myself alone, then in a festive, almost solemn assemblage, then, again, as the genial host among numerous friends and admirers; to-day I saw him in the intimacy of his family circle. He was always and everywhere the same, and yet each time I was impressed by a new trait in his character. To-day he was cheerfulness and good-nature itself, and wholly unrestrained. He drew his son into the conversation more than he had done at the festival; he was full of tender attentions to his daughter-in-law, and with her sister he talked charmingly with a light captivating humor; he was especially affectionate to the grandsons. He led me on to talk of the life and character of the people of the Lower Rhine, particularly of the carnival frolics of Cologne and Düsseldorf, then he turned upon Bavaria, from which, "according to the reports of his friend," little was to be expected for art, in comparison with the earnest Rhine land. "Meanwhile," he said, "a prince with a strong will can

accomplish a great deal." Then he came upon his favorite topic, colors, their adaptations, their combinations, strength, blending, treatment, and even the different materials of which they are made.

After we left the table he showed me several of his collections, particularly one of beautiful antique and mediæval coins. Suddenly he said "I will show you something else," (actually he thus spoke!) and thereupon he took from a drawer some sheets of etchings after designs by Carstens. I do not know whether he meant to give me pleasure, or merely wished to know what I would say about them; however, they were not long a subject of conversation, as I found them too little like their originals. I then took my leave. When Goethe learned that I was to remain the next day in Weimar and leave on the 15th, he invited me in the kindest manner to visit him once again. I did so on the 14th, and was received with the same cordiality as before. It seemed to him a necessity either to prepare some pleasure for his visitors, or else to offer them some visible material for conversation; thus he had ready for me a number of highly artistic paper cuttings by Fräulein Adele Schopenhauer, and examined each one with me, noticing the slightest things.

I shall never forget my leave-taking, when I felt the full force of the happiness I had experienced in being brought so near to this great man. He spoke as if he were the indebted and enriched one, asked me to write to him from time to time, and taking my hand in both his, as at our first meeting, though still more cordially, he gave me, with many kind greetings, his paternal good wishes for my journey.

On the 15th of November I was in Jena and on the 17th I sent him the likeness of his friend Kuchel which I had drawn for him. It seemed to me as if I had come down from the summit of Mount Blanc, and from the most extended vision, into the narrow valley. The remembrance of those days on the heights has shone through my whole life.

* Wolf and Walther Goethe are now chamberlains in the service of the reigning grand duke Alexander. The portraits, carefully preserved by their grandfather, are now in their possession, and highly valued, as they kindly assured me of late. The likenesses were then good, but I should not have recognized the present chamberlains from them.

HOW TO TREAT OUR WIVES.

"First catch your hare." This feat, however, does not seem to be a difficult one. Hunters are ingenious and indefatigable, and the game not over shy. What mutual passion fails to accomplish, masculine selfishness is usually competent to complete, holding, as it always does, desire and pride and will among its reserves. The patent facts of every-day life prove that the obtaining of a wife is not a difficult task. There are as many homes in the land as men can afford to build or hire, and in every home there is a wife. Indeed, in many of them there has been a succession of wives. All the tall men, all the short men, all the large men, all the small men, all the good men, all the bad men, all the generous men, all the mean men, all the clean men, all the foul men,—ministers, merchants, mechanics, sailors, shoemakers, soap-boilers, dairy-men, fishermen, lumbermen, farmers, fiddlers, furriers, butchers, bakers, candle-stick-makers, have wives, nine out of every ten of whom were secured without any measurable degree of persuasion. Not only "Barkis," but "Peggotty," "is willin'." So it does not seem necessary to suggest to men anything touching the treatment of women before marriage. Men with favors to ask and selfish purposes to achieve, are the politest, kindest, most considerate creatures in the world. Ah! what delicious reminiscences of the days of young love and courtship are at the command of every wife in the land! The pleasant rides, the sweet ices and slices, the dainty gifts, timed with thoughtful adaptation to holidays and birthdays, the tender courtesies, the courteous tendernesses, the endearments, the caresses, the thousand-and-one nameless attentions, that advertise the masculine passion to the feminine idol are matters which many, perhaps most wives, remember with a sigh, because they are among pleasures forever past, and because they were pledges of an untiring devotion that have not been redeemed. Ah! men, men, men! Miserable sinners are ye all,—not

always wickedly, not always wantonly, too often weakly. Would it be strange if your wives, looking back to your early deeds and days, and seeing how much or how little of genuine affection your attentions represented, should find their souls exceedingly filled with contempt? Yes, it would be strange, for women are not like men. They see through you, but they stick to you, like a fly to a window-pane.

Leaving the records of divorce aside, and passing by those cases of incompatibility which render marriage a mockery and a misery, and making all possible allowance for the follies and foibles of the subordinate party to the marriage contract, the fact still remains that men, in multitudes and majorities of cases, grow apathetic toward their wives, and inconsiderate of the peculiar needs of their natures. A thousand causes contribute to this result, and men often descend into coldness and downright impoliteness without knowing the process which leads them there, or suspecting the fact itself. Let us look at some of these causes, in brief detail.

The first foe that marriage meets is marriage itself. While the pursuit of a desirable object is in progress, and failure possible, every faculty is strained toward attainment, and every available auxiliary is brought to bear upon the same end. There is excitement in it—often excitement the most intense. It matters nothing whether the object sought be a woman or a wager. A man knows that to win a woman of his choice he must please her; so he makes it a business to please her. He is indefatigable in it. He does not mean to be a hypocrite. His love is honest, or he thinks it is. Weeks, months, years pass, perhaps before the object of his affection is secure to him. When marriage consummates his desires and aims, he is at the end of a long and exciting race. Possession brings reaction. Satiety breeds indifference. This is in accordance with the laws of the human mind. It would be the same if he had sought long and

found at last great wealth, or high position, or any other prize for which men strive. But this comes as a sort of shock, from which there is earlier or later recovery.

With a wife, too, comes a certain loss of freedom, which is irksome to willful natures. This a man (who is a very short-sighted creature) never thinks of until after the object of his love is his. Waking thoroughly to the consciousness that he is a married man, he finds in his house a person who has an absolute claim on his attention, his time, his affection, and his service. He is surrounded by new conditions. All his movements must start from a new center. Mr. Jones, before marriage, could harness his pony and drive where ever impulse might direct; but Mr. Jones, after marriage, is obliged to remember that Mrs. Jones is in the house, and would like to accompany him,—a fact, considering the way towards which the pony's head is turned, and the old companions who live on the way, that is not wholly agreeable to Mr. Jones. A new item comes into all his calculations. Mr. Jones is double instead of single. Mr. Jones' life which once was a skein of silk has become a stick of twist, and the strand which he contributed can not be separated from its fellow without a snarl. Mr. Jones finds himself tied to Mrs. Jones for life, and also finds that a certain freedom of movement which he enjoyed before marriage can not, with propriety, be enjoyed after marriage. This troubles Mr. Jones a little. He has half a mind to rebel. What business has a woman to interfere with him? Perhaps he rebels with a whole mind. Thousands do, and by the failure to adapt themselves rationally to their new conditions inaugurate a life of discord or indifference.

Absorption in business and professional pursuits is, perhaps, the grand cause of estrangement between married lives. In France, there is a saying that "tobacco is the tomb of love"—French love, probably. In America, business is the tomb of love. It is hard, if not impossible, for two great passions to live in the heart at the same time. It is as difficult to love wo-

man and mammon, as it is to serve God and mammon. The love of a man for his wife must be the grand, enduring, all-subordinating passion of his life, or woman is defrauded of her right. The man who, when his wife is won, turns the whole interest and energy of his life into business, making that an end which should only be a means, is married only in name. There is no narcotism of affection like the strong love and ceaseless pursuit of money. Turning gradually away from the quiet society of their wives, and the enjoyments of their homes, most men yield themselves to the pursuit of wealth, and in the fierce excitements of their enterprise, lose a taste for the calm delights of domestic life. At the close of a day's labor, they bring home weary bodies and worn minds. Nothing is saved for their homes or their wives. Their evenings are stupid and fretful, and the pillow and forgetfulness are welcomed as a release from *ennui*.

Mr. Jones is quite likely to be what is called "an excellent provider." He takes a certain degree of pride in dressing his wife and family well, furnishing them with a good house, and surrounding them with creature comforts. He fancies, indeed, that by doing this he is testifying his regard for Mrs. Jones, and proving his love for her in a very tangible and substantial way. It is in vain that Mrs. Jones assures him that she would like more of him and less of his provision. It is in vain that she tells him that if he would give her more of his society, she would gladly excuse many of the good things which he sends her as a substitute. He does not believe in "love in a cottage," and for his life, can not tell what Mrs. Jones finds to complain of. He is a man of business, and thinks complacently that he has surpassed the nonsense of youth and the tame delights of early wedlock. He has come to like strong flavors, and knows, although he knows not why, that his heart is growing dead within him. The charms of Mrs. Jones fail to move him. The old feeling of tenderness dies out of him. Her sympathetic bosom is no more his refuge and solace. The love of gain overshadows his love of Mrs. Jones, and the pur-

suit of gain leaves him no time for Mrs. Jones.

In the meantime, what is the position of Mrs. Jones? Shut up in her house all day, with no absorbing pursuit to take the place of her absorbing love of Mr. Jones, she passes her hours in the pleasant hope of meeting her husband at dinner, and spending her evening with him. She is rearing Mr. Jones' children, and, after all the care which they require, longs for sympathy and solace from him to whom she has given, once and forever, her whole heart. His smiling approval, his appreciating praise, his endearments, will pay for everything. All these are her right. Failing to get these, she grows sad, and, in her heart, questions the honesty of the love which her husband has professed for her, questions her own ability to retain his affection, questions the tie that unites them, questions her destiny with sorrowful foreboding. She is driven in upon herself, and feeds upon herself. Ah! the thousands and millions of wives who, slowly arriving at the consciousness that the cares of this life and the deceitfulness of riches have hardened their husbands' hearts, or stolen them, have settled down into a hopeless round of duties, and died at last athirst, aye, starving, for the love which was pledged to them at the altar!

But let us suppose that Mrs. Jones is not the sort of person to succumb thus readily to her lot. Suppose Mrs. Jones is a spirited woman, who will not submit tamely to this hard issue of her married life. She will do one of two things—become Mr. Jones' accuser—a thorn in his side—a rebel, or she will institute a life independent of Mr. Jones. If Mr. Jones will defraud her of her rights, by making money, she will take her rights in his coin. She will spend money; she will find her delights, her solace, her pursuits in society. If Mr. Jones will not make her home pleasant, other people will be invited to do so. If Mr. Jones will not make himself agreeable, she will go where people are agreeable. Her heart is hungry, her life is without zest, her hopes are disap-

pointed, and she takes license from her husband's essential infidelity to seek for something, somewhere, which shall make her life significant. If her husband's heart is lost, it makes little practical difference with her whether it is stolen by mammon or Mary Ann. Love, society, consideration, appreciation, she must and will have; and if she can not get these where she has a claim upon them, she will secure an outside supply. Her husband has chosen his field of satisfactions and chosen it independently of her. She will take the position of housekeeper and money-spender, which Mr. Jones has assigned to her, and then choose her field of satisfactions and solaces independently of him. When this state of things becomes established, all true family life is, of course, at an end. Husband and wife entertain and maintain separate interests. Communion ceases. If they are peaceable persons, they get along reputably, and with a certain degree of comfort. If they are quarrelsome persons, they will quarrel.

Many cases are different from this. There is a class of employments which make such great and persistent drafts on physical strength—such exhaustive demands upon the nervous forces—that the minds of those who are subjected to them become dull and apathetic. In these cases, love shares the poverty of all the affections. The man who goes to sleep in church goes to sleep in the chimney corner. The man who finds no spirit of worship, no love of God, no delicate appreciation of the beauty of nature, no joy of immortality, no aspiration, no inspiration, within him, because the life has been worked out of him, can hardly be expected to have much love for his wife, or a very delicate appreciation of her needs and her ministries. Indeed, he readily learns to speak of her as "the old woman." She is so far from being the wife of his bosom, that she has become the wife of his back. She makes his bed, cooks his pot-luck, darns his stockings, is his dairymaid, housemaid, washerwoman, scullion and what-not. To say nothing

of the wives of day-laborers, what is the condition of affairs in innumerable farmers' homes scattered over the land? How many caresses, how many kind, considerate, loving words, how many demonstrations of warm and devoted affections, how many tender and sympathetic attentions, does the wife of a hard working farmer, ten years married, receive in the course of a twelve-month? How much does he strive to lighten or to sweeten her burdens? If she is a "mighty smart woman," and "does her own work,"—if she can do "more work than any three women he can hire,"—he tells it to his neighbors, perhaps; and, sometimes, when she is looking at her hard knuckles, or parting her thin and gray-growing hair, she hears of his boast, and gets such comfort out of it as she can.

Exactly where relief is to come from in cases like these, is not obvious. Hard physical toil is not likely to cease, nor is it probable that its natural effect is to be suspended. Nothing but a rational apprehension of the real difficulty on the part of men, and a better comprehension of the nature of women, would seem to be adequate to the work of reform. The farmer's wife learns her lot early, and doubtless makes the best of it. Perhaps her own toil helps her to a sort of indifference, and brings her into a harmony of feeling with her husband beyond what would seem possible to the observer. This is worse, however, on the whole, than if she were to retain her susceptibility to suffering. If a woman's sensibilities must be spoiled before she can become comfortable, if that which made her attractive and lovable as a maiden must be blotted out of the mistress, in order that life may be tolerable to her, she is certainly bound to a sad alternative of evils.

Woman is the natural bosom companion of man. Her sympathetic constitution, her independence of all his natural rivalries, her warm affection, attachment and devotion, all designate her as his choicest friend. There are few men of character who find their best friendships among those of their own sex. Strong wills,

selfish interests, positive tastes, the fear of treachery, the love of eminence and social dominion, all tend to keep men from intimate communion with each other. They meet on grounds of common politeness, they shake hands, they speak pleasant words to each other, they have, in multitudes of instances, an honest friendly interest in each other, but as a general rule, every man says to every other man "Thus far shalt thou come and no farther." Not often does a man expose his heart to the eye of men. Great men sometimes make companions and partial confidants of small men, never of their equals. Old men sometimes make companions of young men—of those who do them reverence; but when one of their own age appears, their mouths are shut, and they re-assume their continence. Wherever and whenever man meets man as an equal, in age, or power, or dignity, there intervenes a veil through which communion is impossible.

The trust, the faith, the confidence which it is so hard for man to give to man, it is easy for man to give to woman. She is as different from him as if she belonged to another race of beings. She does not live in his world. She does not enter into his competitions. She is not the subject of his ambitions. It is her joy and pride to give her love to a worthy, manly nature, and to yield to it with exclusive devotion all there is of sweetness in her life, and this is precisely what is necessary to induce a man to yield his confidence. Here there is no danger of misconstruction, no fear of treachery, no shame. The heart in which he confides is his, and his only. Its interests are identical with his own. Mutual love between man and woman becomes an altar on which, as a libation, they pour out the secrets of their souls.

It is not safe to prophesy what is to be; it is not easy to say what ought to be; but it is proper to state what is and has been as regards a single phase of the much mooted "woman question." Nothing is more certain than that the position of woman in all countries and in all ages is what man has made it. Women may

clamor for an independent destiny, but they never have had it, and they do not seem to be nearer to their object for all their clamoring. The fact remains that woman stands just where man places her. When man regards her as untrustworthy, she is untrustworthy; when he treats her as the minister to his sensual delights, she is generally nothing more than such a minister. The sort of woman whom Michelet describes is Michelet's wife. The characteristic French woman is the woman whom the characteristic Frenchman most desires and admires. It is not the woman who fashions the idea of man, but it is the idea of man that fashions the woman. An Englishwoman is the creation of Englishmen, and well may Englishmen be proud of their work. The Mormon woman is what the Mormon man has made her. The novice may revolt, but the woman born into Mormonism will seek no higher position for herself than what Elder Kimball is pleased to bestow upon the poor creatures whom he sportively denominates his "cows." What is true of women in this respect in all other countries and all other ages, is true of the American woman to-day. She is precisely what the American man has made her; and she is, viewed in every aspect, the best woman that the sun shines upon. She has been developed under the influence of free institutions. Free education and free society have made her a free woman. Reared in an atmosphere of confidence, trusted from youth beyond all other women, trained from childhood in the use of liberty, she has grown up virtuous, trustworthy, intelligent, helpful and noble. She receives more consideration, more politeness, more genuine respect, for that which is womanly in her character, than the women of any other nation secure from their countrymen. Whatever our foes may say about the national devotion to the almighty dollar, the American woman is the American's idol.

Added to all this freedom of intellectual and social development, which the woman of America enjoys, she receives the sanctifying influence of a free relig-

ion, a religion less hampered by conventions, forms and superstitions than is found to prevail in any other country. The typical American woman is a religious woman. Her religious nature flowers early, and bears fruit long. It is the women of America who crowd the churches. It is the women of America who train and teach the children and youth. It is the women of America who are first in every good work. During all the long and terrible war from which the nation has just emerged, her constant ministry has surrounded every battlefield and hospital and scene of suffering with the halo of Christian charity. The sacrifices and services of the American woman during the last four years are unexampled in the history of Christian patriotism. In the sewing circle, in the hospital, in the closet, in the prayer-meeting, in the railroad car, and wherever the army blue designates a soldier, she has taken the position of a participant in the great struggle. She has encouraged every loyal fighting man by her freely spoken patriotism and her undisguised sympathy, and has stood by the sick and wounded with every comfort within the reach of her ministering hand. Giving her whole heart and life to the men of America, in their contest with treason, she has vindicated her claim to a place by his side in all the glories of the war and a partnership in all its triumphs.

The American woman is intelligent, virtuous, sprightly, energetic, loyal and Christian. By these qualities she wins her way to the respect and love of American men, and American men require that she shall possess all these qualities, or seem to, before she shall possess *them*. Now this is the woman, and this the sort of woman who is the subject of the neglect noticed in this article. It is a shame to American husbands that marriage has had comparatively little to do with the development of the American woman. She has been made what she is by those general influences under which her early character was formed. Good mothers, healthy public opinion, competent education,

wide reading, Christian culture, these develop the American woman. Marriage, for some bad reason, seems to destroy her. Her mental development is quite apt to cease from the moment of marriage. Her accomplishments die out, her charms fade, her spirits flag, her health droops; and she who should grow only more beautiful, in a mature and matronly way until she is fifty, looks old at thirty, and dies to society just when she should be one of its most valuable elements, and beautiful ornaments.

Now mark the anomaly which this state of things presents. The American woman is what the American man requires her to be, and what American institutions and influences enable her to be. There is constant and fruitful effort on the part of men to secure for their daughters and for general female society, the best advantages for education and culture; and these same men do this with wives in their homes who are treated little better than housekeepers. They are not regarded as partners; they are not treated as intimate and confidential companions. Equality of position, identity of interest, community of aims, affectionate and considerate tenderness and respectfulness of demeanor, thorough sympathy that shows itself in all private and family intercourse, certainly do not prevail between American husbands and wives, when regarded in the aggregate. Some will be disposed to deny this who only see life under some of its more favored phases; but those who are acquainted with all classes, in city and country, can not fail to recognize the truthfulness of the statement. Women are denied the sympathy and society of their husbands to a shameful extent. They are kept in a position of dependence, and made to feel their dependence, they are made to ask for money for their personal use, and compelled to feel like mendicants in doing it. There are multitudes of wives—supposed to be well married—who never approach their husbands for money without a sense of humiliation. Now any man who compels the woman of his love to do this, insults her wo-

manhood, degrades her, denies essentially his marriage vows, and does his best to kill out her respect for him, and to make the connubial bond an irksome one. A wife who is made to feel that she is a beggar, is no longer a wife, except in name. A wife who is compelled to feel that she has no rights except those which her husband accords to her, from hour to hour, loses her spirit and her self-respect, and becomes a menial, in feeling and in fact.

The American woman is worthy of better treatment than this. Indeed, the American woman is a better being than the American man. She can do as much for man as man can do for her, and she only needs to receive at the hands of man that which he has pledged to her at the altar, to be enabled to add to his life its highest charm, and to crown his life with its best reward. For it is love, after all, that feeds us, and not money. It is in the affections that a man finds his best satisfactions. He who permits his business or his pursuit of wealth to absorb all his interest and all his power sins as deeply against his own soul as he does against his wife. He not only puts away from himself the sweetest sources of happiness, but he spoils his capacity for happiness. If husbands could only understand that their wives care more for them and their sympathy and society than they do for anything else, and that without these they really have nothing, it seems as if the ordinary impulses of benevolence would be sufficient to lead them to a better keeping of their early promises. A good wife is a treasure—she is better even than when Solomon pronounced her, "a good thing," for the American material is better than the Jewish article was in his time. She deserves and should receive from her husband the tenderest consideration, the most generous respect, the fullest confidence, at all places, at all times, in all circumstances. She should be his bosom friend, and the husband who denies her this place denies her her right, and tramples upon the most sacred compact that two human beings can institute and maintain.

"IN MEMORIAM."

I LEAVE to other and abler pens the proper eulogy of Mr. LINCOLN, as a ruler, and a statesman, and the estimate of his work and place in history. Favored during the past year with six months' familiar intercourse with him under the same roof, be it my pleasant task to recall and record for the gratification of those who never came into personal contact with the great and good man, some incidents, of interest now as illustrations of his character and daily life, mostly the result of my own observation.

There is a very natural and proper desire, at this time, to know something of the religious experience of the late President. Statements are in circulation in this connection, which, to those who knew him intimately, seem so *unlike* him, that for one I venture to enter my protest, and to assert that I believe such stories, either to be wholly untrue, or the facts in the case to have been unwarrantably embellished. Of all men in the world, Mr. Lincoln was the most unaffected and truthful. He rarely or never used language loosely or carelessly, or for the sake of compliment. He was the most utterly indifferent to, and unconscious of, the effect he was producing, either upon dignitaries or the common people, of any man ever in public position.

Mr. Lincoln could scarcely be called a *religious* man, in the common acceptation of the term, and yet a sincerer *Christian* I believe never lived. A constitutional tendency to dwell upon sacred things; an emotional nature which finds ready expression in religious conversation and revival-meetings; the culture and development of the religious element till the expression of religious thought and experience becomes almost habitual, were not among his characteristics. Doubtless he felt as deeply upon the great questions of the soul and eternity as any other thoughtful man, but the very tenderness and humility of his nature would not permit the exposure of his inmost convictions, except upon the rarest occasions, and to his most

intimate friends. And yet, aside from emotional expression, I believe no man had a more abiding sense of his dependence upon God, or faith in the Divine government, and in the power and ultimate triumph of Truth and Right in the world. In the language of an eminent clergyman of this city, who lately delivered an eloquent discourse upon the life and character of the departed President, "It is not necessary to appeal to apocryphal stories, in circulation in the newspapers—which illustrate as much the assurance of his visitors as the depth of his own sensibility—for proof of Mr. Lincoln's Christian character." If his daily life, and various public addresses and writings, do not show this, surely nothing can demonstrate it.

But while impelled to disbelieve some of the assertions upon this subject, much commented upon in public as well as private, I feel at liberty to relate an incident in this connection, which I have not seen published, and which bears upon its face unmistakable evidence of truthfulness. A lady interested in the work of the Christian Commission, had occasion, in the prosecution of her duties, to have several interviews with the President of a business nature. He was much impressed with the devotion and earnestness of purpose she manifested, and on one occasion, after she had discharged the object of her visit, he leaned back in his chair and said to her: "Mrs. —, I have formed a very high opinion of your Christian character, and now as we are alone, I have a mind to ask you to give me, in brief, your idea of what constitutes a true religious experience." The lady replied at some length, stating that, in her judgment, it consisted of a conviction of one's own sinfulness and weakness, and personal need of the Saviour for strength and support; that views of mere doctrine might and would differ, but when one was really brought to feel his need of Divine help, and to seek the aid of the Holy Spirit for strength and guidance, it was satisfactory evidence of his having

been born again. This was the substance of her reply. When she had concluded, Mr. Lincoln was very thoughtful for a few moments. He at length said very earnestly, "If what you have told me is really a correct view of this great subject, I think I can say with sincerity, that I hope I am a Christian. I had lived," he continued, "until my boy Willie died, without realizing fully these things. That blow overwhelmed me. It showed me my weakness as I had never felt it before, and if I can take what you have stated as a *test*, I think I can safely say that I know something of that *change* of which you speak, and I will further add, that it has been my intention for some time, at a suitable opportunity, to make a public religious profession!"

The desire to know of the *inner* experience of one whose *outward* life had so impressed him, and his own frank and simple utterance thereupon, are so characteristic as to render this account, which was given me by a friend, extremely probable. He was not what I would call a *demonstrative* man. He would listen to the opinions of others on these subjects with great deference, even if he was not able to perceive their force, but would never express what he did not feel in response. I recollect his once saying, in a half soliloquy, when we were alone, just after he had been waited upon by a committee or delegation, with reference to securing his coöperation in having the name of God inserted in the Constitution: "Some people seem a great deal more concerned about the *letter* of a thing, than about its *spirit*," or words to this effect.

Too much has not been said of his uniform meekness and kindness of heart, but there would sometimes be afforded evidence, that one grain of sand too much would break even *this* camel's back. Among the callers at the White House one day, there was an officer who had been cashiered from the service. He had prepared an elaborate defence of himself which he consumed much time in reading to the President. When he had finished, Mr. Lincoln replied that even upon his own statement of the case the facts would

not warrant executive interference. Disappointed, and considerably crest-fallen the man withdrew. A few days afterward, he made a second attempt to alter the President's convictions, going over substantially the same ground, and occupying about the same space of time, but without accomplishing his end. The *third* time he succeeded in forcing himself into Mr. Lincoln's presence, who with great forbearance listened to another repetition of the case, to its conclusion, but made no reply. Waiting for a moment, the man gathered from the expression of his countenance that his mind was unconvinced. Turning very abruptly, he said, "Well Mr. President, I see that you are fully determined not to do me justice!" This was too aggravating even for Mr. Lincoln. Manifesting, however, no more feeling than that indicated by a slight compression of the lips, he very quietly arose, laid down a package of papers he held in his hand, and then suddenly seizing the defunct officer by the coat collar, he marched him forcibly to the door, saying as he ejected him into the passage, "Sir, I give you fair warning never to show yourself in this room again. I can bear censure, but not insult!" In a whining tone the man begged for his papers which he had dropped. "Begone, sir," said the President, "Your papers will be sent to you. I never wish to see your face again!"

Late one afternoon a lady with two gentlemen were admitted. She had come to ask that her husband, who was a prisoner of war, might be permitted to take the oath and be released from confinement. To secure a degree of interest on the part of the President, one of the gentlemen claimed to be an acquaintance of Mrs. Lincoln; this however received but little attention, and the President proceeded to ask what position the lady's husband held in the rebel service. "Oh," said she, "he was a captain." "*A captain*," rejoined Mr. Lincoln, "indeed, rather too big a fish to set free simply upon his taking the oath! If he was an officer, it is proof positive that he has been a zealous rebel; I can not release him." Here the lady's friend reiterated the assertion

of his acquaintance with Mrs. Lincoln. Instantly the President's hand was upon the bell-rope. The usher in attendance answered the summons. "Cornelius, take this man's name to Mrs. Lincoln, and ask her what she knows of him?" The boy presently returned with the reply that "*the Madam*" (as she was called by the servants) knew nothing of him whatever. "It is just as I suspected," said the President. The party made one more attempt to enlist his sympathy, but without effect. "It is of no use," was the reply. "I can not release him!" and the trio withdrew in high displeasure.

One day the Hon. Thaddeus Stevens called with an elderly lady, in great trouble, whose son had been in the army, but for some offence had been court-martialed, and sentenced either to death or imprisonment at hard labor for a long term, I do not recollect which. There were some extenuating circumstances, and after a full hearing the President turned to the representative and said: "Mr. Stevens, do you think this is a case which will warrant my interference?" "With my knowledge of the facts and the parties," was the reply, "I should have no hesitation in granting a pardon." "Then," returned Mr. Lincoln, "I will pardon him," and he proceeded forthwith to execute the paper. The gratitude of the mother was too deep for expression, save by her tears, and not a word was said between her and Mr. Stevens until they were half way down the stairs on their passage out, when she suddenly broke forth in an excited manner with the words, "I knew it was a copperhead LIE!" "What do you refer to, madam?" asked Mr. Stevens. "Why, they told me he was an *ugly* looking man," she replied with vehemence. "He is the *handsomest* man I ever saw in my life!" And surely for that mother, and for many another, throughout the land, no carved statue of ancient or modern art, in all its symmetry, ever can have the charm which will forevermore encircle that care-worn but gentle face, expressing as was never expressed before, "MALICE TOWARD NONE—CHARITY FOR ALL."

Never shall I forget the scene early one

morning, when, with the help of some of the workmen and special police at the capitol, the large painting upon which I was engaged during the six months I was with Mr. Lincoln, representing the President and cabinet in council on the Emancipation Proclamation, was first lifted to a place, temporarily, in the Rotunda. Shortly after it was fixed in its position over the northern door leading to the Senate, a ray of sunshine came struggling in from the upper part of the great dome, and fell directly upon the face and head of the beloved President, leaving all the rest of the picture in shadow. "Look!" exclaimed one of the policemen, pointing to the canvass, in a burst of enthusiasm, "that is as it should be, God bless him; may the sun shine upon his head for ever!"

My attention has been two or three times called to a paragraph now going the rounds of the newspapers concerning a singular apparition of himself in a looking glass, which Mr. Lincoln is stated to have seen on the day he was first nominated at Chicago. The story as told is quite incorrect, and is made to appear very mysterious, and believing that the taste for the supernatural is sufficiently ministered unto, without perverting the facts, I will tell the story as the President told it to John Hay, the assistant private secretary, and myself. We were in his room together about dark the evening of the Baltimore Convention. The gas had just been lighted, and he had been telling us how he had that afternoon received the news of the nomination of Andrew Johnson, for Vice President before he heard of his own.

It seemed that the dispatch announcing his re-nomination had been sent to his office from the War department, while he was at lunch. Directly afterward, without going back to the official chamber, he proceeded to the War department. While there the telegram came, announcing the nomination of Johnson. "What," said he to the operator, "do they nominate a Vice President before they do a President?" "Why," replied the astonished official, have you not heard of your own nomination? It was sent to

the White House two hours ago." "It is all right," replied the President, "I shall probably find it on my return."

Laughing pleasantly over this incident, he said, soon afterward, "a very singular occurrence took place the day I was nominated at Chicago four years ago, which I am reminded of to-night. In the afternoon of the day, returning home from down town, I went up stairs to Mrs. Lincoln's sitting room. Feeling somewhat tired I laid down upon a couch in the room directly opposite a bureau upon which was a looking glass. As I reclined, my eye fell upon the glass and I saw distinctly *two* images of myself, exactly alike, except that one was a little paler than the other. I arose, and laid down again with the same result. It made me quite uncomfortable for a few moments, but some friends coming in, the matter passed out of my mind. The next day while walking in the street, I was suddenly reminded of the circumstance, and the disagreeable sensation produced by it returned. I had never seen any thing of the kind before, and did not know what to make of it. I determined to go home and place myself in the same position, and if the same effect was produced, I would make up my mind that it was the natural result of some principle of refraction or optics, which I did not understand, and dismiss it." I tried the experiment with the same result, and as I had said to myself, accounting for it on some principle unknown to me, it ceased to trouble me." "But," said he, "sometime ago, I tried to produce the same effect *here*, by arranging a glass and couch in the same position, without success." He did not say, as is asserted in the story as printed, that either he or Mrs. Lincoln attached any omen to it whatever. Neither did he say that the double reflection was seen while he was walking about the room. On the contrary it was only visible in a certain position and at a certain angle, and therefore he thought could be accounted for upon scientific principles. I have mentioned this story only to show upon what a slender founda-

tion a marvelous account may be built!

At one of the "levees," a year ago last winter, during a lull in the hand-shaking, he was addressed by two familiar lady friends, one of whom is now the wife of a member of the cabinet. Turning to them with a weary air, he remarked that it was a relief to have now and then those to talk to, who had no favors to ask. The lady referred to is a strong radical—a New Yorker by birth—but for many years a resident with her husband at the West. She replied, playfully, "Mr. President, I *have* one request to make." "Ah!" said he at once, looking grave; "well, what is it?" "That you suppress the infamous ————" (mentioning a prominent Western journal) was the rejoinder. After a brief pause, Mr. Lincoln asked her if she had ever tried to imagine how she would have felt, in some former administration to which she was opposed, if her favorite newspaper had been seized by the government and suppressed. The lady replied that it was not a parallel case, that in circumstances like those then existing, when the nation was struggling for its very life, such utterances as were daily put forth in that journal, should be suppressed by the strong hand of authority; that the cause of loyalty and good government demanded it. "I fear you do not fully comprehend," returned the President, "the danger of abridging the *liberties* of the people. Nothing but the very sternest necessity can ever justify it. A government had better go to the very extreme of toleration, than to do aught that could be construed into an interference with, or to jeopardize in any degree the common rights of its citizens."

One more example of the exercise of the pardoning power, will conclude this brief sketch. It may excite a smile, as well as a tear; but it may be relied upon as a veritable relation of what actually transpired. A distinguished citizen of Ohio had an appointment with the President one evening at six o'clock. As he entered the vestibule of the White House, his attention was attracted by a poorly-clad young woman who was violently sobbing.

He asked her the cause of her distress. She said that she had been ordered away by the servants, after vainly waiting many hours to see the President about her only brother, who had been condemned to death. Her story was this: She and her brother were foreigners, and orphans. They had been in this country several years. Her brother enlisted in the army, but, through bad influences, was induced to desert. He was captured, tried and sentenced to be shot—the old story. The poor girl had obtained the signatures of some persons who had formerly known him, to a petition for a pardon, and, alone, had come to Washington to lay the case before the President. Thronged as the waiting rooms always were, she had passed the long hours of two days trying in vain to get an audience, and had at length been ordered away.

The gentleman's feelings were touched. He said to her that he had come to see the President, but did not know as *he* should succeed. He told her, however, to follow him up stairs and he would see what could be done for her. Just before reaching the door Mr. Lincoln came out, and meeting his friend said good humoredly, "Are you not ahead of time?" The gentlemen showed him his watch with the hand upon the hour of six. "Well," returned Mr. Lincoln, I have been so busy to-day that I have not had time to get a lunch.

Go in, and sit down, I will be back directly."

The gentleman made the young woman accompany him into the office, and when they were seated, said to her, "Now my good girl, I want you to muster all the courage you have in the world. When the President comes back, he will sit down in that arm-chair. I shall get up to speak to him, and as I do so, you must force yourself between us, and insist upon his examination of your papers, telling him it is a case of life and death, and admits of no delay." These instructions were carried out to the letter. Mr. Lincoln was at first somewhat surprised at the apparent forwardness of the young woman, but observing her distressed appearance, he ceased conversation with his friend, and commenced an examination of the document she had placed in his hands. Glancing from it to the face of the petitioner, whose tears had broken forth afresh, he studied its expression for a moment and then his eye fell upon her scanty, but neat dress. Instantly his face lighted up. "My poor girl," said he, "you have come here with no governor, or senator or member of congress, to plead your cause. You seem honest and truthful; *and you don't wear hoops*—and I will be whipped, but I will pardon your brother."

SONNET.

Oh thou sad watcher, by the pool whose wave
 Bears fortune, honor, all that earth can give,
 Without one friendly hand outstretched to save,
 To guide thy trembling steps and bid thee live!
 Fear not—lo! comes the Mighty Master's step,
 Steps that have trod the boundless realms above,
 His eye—that awful eye which never slept,
 Is bent on *thee*, with pity and with love;
 The voice which called Creation to its birth,
 And spoke in thunder from the mountain's brow—
 Softer than south wind o'er the flower-decked earth
 Breathes comfort to thy broken spirit now:
 "Arise and walk! and at my altar bow,
 My home in Heaven is filled with such as thou!"

ODD KINDS OF ABILITY.

THERE are many kinds of ability which metaphysicians and theologians make little account of. They ring the changes on "moral" and "natural," but the mass of men trouble themselves little with their distinctions. They assume that there is such a thing as ability, and one of the most important questions they ask of their fellows is, what is such or such a man's ability.

Perhaps if they were asked to define what they meant, they would be at a loss how to do it. A man's ability may be made up of very different elements. It may suffice for one thing and not for another. Blondin could perform feats which would astonish Cæsar or Gustavus Adolphus. A French cook could produce dishes that would defy all the arts of the world's great strategists. A ventriloquist could surprise thousands who would be little moved by the eloquence of a Chatham or a Webster. A Chinese magician can work wonders which Sir Isaac Newton or Herschel might vainly essay to imitate; and an Indian scout can track a fugitive, where Baker's detectives would lose the scent.

The king of Dahomey no doubt thinks himself an able man. So did Beau Brummell. So does the sharper with his Fagin genius. Each is great in his way, but it may be a very small way, a very mean way, or a very cruel way. A Jonathan Wild may be the hero of his own circle, and a petty African chieftain may ask, "What do they think of me in Europe?" There are kinds of ability which enable a man to rival a monkey or a beaver, a tiger or a deer. There are still other kinds to which a Milo carrying a calf till it grew to an ox, or a prize-fighter with his disciplined muscles may aspire. Then there is the ability of the old monk, who told the people that no ordinary man ought to drink more than two bottles of wine, but that God had given him the ability to drink fifteen and still know his right hand from his left. There is the ability of the old Roman epicure, who could sit through

his feast without taking an emetic to make room for a new course. There is the ability of the savage who can eat and sleep and fast like an anaconda, or feed on roots where a white man would starve.

So in the literary world there are various kinds of ability. A man may be an able plagiarist, like the imposter that intruded more than a hundred years ago into a Philadelphia pulpit, and whom Franklin was cheated into patronizing. Horace makes mention of an able poet—whom he regarded as a nuisance—a man that could compose three hundred lines, *stans uno pede*.* An English writer had once as much fame probably, for his memory as for his wit, for he was reported to be able to walk through Cheapside in London, and then report the name on every sign. Zerah Colburn was a perfect prodigy with figures. The old Puritan Prynne, was one of the most voluminous, as he is now one of the least read of authors. An Italian improvisatore might put a Moore or a Byron to the blush.

So there is an official ability by which place or rank makes an able man. It is wonderful to see what genius is developed by a seat on the bench, or by the popular election of some rustic aspirant who drops his plough to act the senator. Cowper took note of this when he said:

"An office with an income at its heels,
Will furnish oil for greasing its own wheels."

A marvelous development will sometimes take place when a Mike Walsh graduates an honorable, or when the loungeur on of a caucus is made a judge. Out of the shell of obscurity is hatched an eagle. The man who never mastered Worcester's geography, can talk of tariffs, currency, *nisi prius* and demurrer. He who has never aspired to any thing about drugs, can medicate the state. Just as Antæus, by contact with the earth, became more than a match for Hercules, so a third rate pettifogger, by treading

*Standing on one foot.

the floor of Congress, feels himself a match for a Webster. Imbecility takes the chair, and the chair makes imbecility venerable.

But the ability of self-conceit must not be overlooked. There are some men who are powerful to blow their own trumpet. Their memory is wonderful. They never forget their own titles. Their strength is remarkable, or in place of it their ingenuity. They make or find a foremost place in pageants and processions. Every intelligent man might envy the confidence with which they express their opinions. Their tone of assurance is that of Sir Oracle. The uninitiated look up to them, as a violet might be supposed to look up at a sun-flower. All their learning is at their finger's ends, and they make the most of it. Their grain of gold is hammered out till it covers the balloon of their vanity. Perhaps they scorn Anglo-Saxon simplicity of speech as the dialect of clowns, and revel to the astonishment of rusties in *sesquipedalia*. In five minutes' conversation you will know their history. They will dextrously contrive to let you understand that they have corresponded with Thackeray, or dined with the Czar of Russia. The great events of their lives are so familiar by repetition that

like the buckets of a grain mill, they are always coming up.

There are other kinds of ability which would bear exhibition just as well. The world trudges on through its tedious centuries by the help of them. They confer fame in their day—a waning glory at least. They are registered by penny-aliners in the daily paper. They flame out in large letters on placards. They figure in Dunciads. They wake echoes in caucuses and theatres. Sometimes they create a sensation. Sometimes they are a nine days wonder. Dominic Sampson would stare at them and exclaim, “prodigious!” Almanac makers, economizing their material would note them down for the twenty-ninth of February. A Horace Walpole would allow them a niche in his museum of gossip. Village journalists would lay by the record of them for a vacuum in their columns.

One's ambition may be easily gratified if he is not particular about the ability to which he aspires. There are kinds enough to match the varied assortments of a toy-shop, and they may be graduated to the taste of customers. But it might remain a question whether to purchase them might not be furnishing a commentary on Franklin's tin whistle.

LAKE GENEVA, AND ITS ASSOCIATIONS.

“If any traveler would become interested in a lake, let him go and reside a week upon its banks before exploring it.” Such was the advice given us by an English gentleman on the morning when we left Basle for lake Geneva. Very superfluous it seemed to us—the idea of being under the necessity of *becoming* interested in lake Geneva. We half resent the implication conveyed in the advice, and there is a tinge of coldness in our parting from our excellent friend.

But the nearer we approach the lake, the more sensible the advice seems, and we are only too ready to plead weariness and—engage rooms for a week at the Hotel Byron.

The Hotel Byron stands—no where—that is, we never heard the name of any town in which it was located. It is close to the banks of the lake, only one mile and a half from Villeneuve, which forms the eastern point.

Pleasant rooms we found waiting for us, rooms whose balconies hung out toward the waters, upon which we could sit hour after hour of those beautiful summer days, and grow into closer acquaintance and communion with this long-known, long-loved friend.

There we were in the morning, when the first light of day shone down on the blue depths, as if it half mistook them for the sky above. At noon we watched the

shifting, changing shadows, as the mountains on our right gave place to the snow-clad hills, which had impatiently waited to see themselves in the glassy mirror, reminding us of a fair bevy of girls "taking turns" at the looking glass. At twilight—but we were never on the balcony at twilight. No sooner did the sun begin to drop slantingly down, than there was a rush among the tourists. Little boats that had slumbered all day long in some quiet nook, now, like newly awakened children, darted out upon the lake, and danced up and down its leaping waters, filled with brown-hatted English girls, and stout, red-faced "papas and mamas." Wheels began to rattle noisily upon the smooth, graveled drives around the house, and old, stiff horses, which had stood for hours with eyes shut, in pensive meditation on the hardness of their lot, stretched their spavined limbs, and held up their necks, with a grotesque and often painful effort to assume a holiday appearance. Drivers snapped their whips, and drew in their reins to give style to their equipages, and finally rattled away again, filled to overflowing, toward—oh anywhere, out of the dozen of the most charming rides the world affords.

We rode, we boated, we walked, and every night as we shut our eyes upon the day "well spent," we thanked our English friend, for his sage advice.

The week passed all too quickly, and one night we took our seats for the last time upon our balcony, and said to ourselves, over and over again, look now, so that you shall never forget: and shall we ever? The pen pauses, as we recall the two words, *never forget*.

Send your luggage by a porter, and walk to Villeneuve, remembering every step of the way, that you are "leaving your footprints on the sands of time," for along that path you may walk no more. Already the steam whistle is echoing among those silent hills—a truce to your romantic cogitations; there is no romance in having your luggage carried off in a strange steamboat in a stranger land, while you stand sky-gazing; so, grasp your shawl and umbrella, all your relics

and bags, and hurry on board! You are not in England, though your vessel looks staunch, and if you should shut your eyes you might fancy you were, from the number of persons who are speaking your native tongue; but there is too much bustle, too much irregularity, in the starting of those paddles; however, they move at last, and you are beginning your first sail through lake Geneva.

Was there ever a human being who found these first sensations precisely what he expected? Perhaps there may have been, and for such we must apologize for our attention for the first ten minutes, being wholly occupied by our traveling companions. There were many tourists on board; some of them had come from Châmoni. We know them by their satisfied, rather supercilious air, and their Alpine stocks. There is a young English girl, with a bunch of the "Rose des Alpes" tied on to the hook of hers. There is a dash of sentiment in it, and in her bright blue eye. She will be intelligent, communicative, and pleasant. Let us take the empty seats by her. We have spent a week studying what she has plainly never seen before; we may be of equal benefit to each other, so we make those silent, but unmistakable advances, which she as silently meets. In a few minutes we are off for the Hotel Byron.

"Is that the castle of Chillon?" she asks, not to us directly, but we are prepared to answer.

"Oh no, that large pile of buildings is nothing but a hotel."

"I thought it was an odd looking prison," she said, laughing, but with a slight color, which showed no fondness for making even an unimportant blunder.

"But there," we said, pointing apologetically for our superior local knowledge, to the small island of which Byron makes mention in his "Prisoner of Chillon," is

"the little isle

Which in my very face did smile,
The only one in view."

"Byron!" she said, as I finished, "Is this in truth 'the little isle,' and here are 'the three tall trees,' how very

funny." She bent her head far over the side of the boat until the "mountain breezes blew upon her" and her cheeks caught their hue from "the young flowers growing there."

I glanced down at the bunch of Alpine roses on the stock which she still held in her hands. Sentiment made the landscape for her. I had been right in my conjecture. She turned her head constantly toward the "little isle" until—

"There is the prison!" from her older companion, made her look suddenly around.

The prison! Who would ever doubt it was *the* one, when once in sight of it! Standing upon an isolated rock, within a stone's throw of the shore, the old, gray, turretted tower seems like a portion of the rock itself. All around it runs the lake, dark, deep, turbid, while a little narrow bridge with a curious old draw connects it with the road. We knew every window, every loop-hole. We have picked green, living things from its grown, hardened walls. We pointed out the small opening through which Bonnivard, after that long horrible dream, saw "the little isle, smiling in his face" in such bitter mockery. We had put our hands within the iron ring which confined him for those six long years, and had paced slowly with measured steps the narrow path his feet had worn in the solid rock. Our boat moved out of its white track, and going close under the battlements, stopped one moment, so that we could have a nearer view. The eager tourists crowded upon the side nearest the prison, until the boat bent its huge bulk with a visible motion, that frightened the more timid into an instant retreat, but numberless lips that had been sealed before, were repeating these words of Byron:

"Lake Lemman lies by Chillon's walls:
A thousand feet in depth below,
Its massy waters meet and flow;
Thus much the fathom-line was sent
From Chillon's snow-white battlement
Which round about the wave enthrals
A double dungeon, wall and wave
Have made—and like a living grave.

Below the surface of the lake
The dark vault lies wherein we lay,
We heard it ripple night and day."

And there it was, rippling still, while its waves sparkled, broke and died away like the life of that poet, whom more than Bonnivard, more than all the historic associations of that grim old castle, gives now to the tourist the life and soul of these scenes. Poor Byron! He never was to us so real a person before, never so human and so sad in his life and in his death, as when sailing over this lake, we found his genius had given to it so much of its immortality. That very New England minister (we know he is one) would as soon put Voltaire into the hands of his growing boy as Byron, and yet, in much the same tone and manner in which he would read one of Watt's divine hymns from his pulpit, he repeats—

"Chillon! thy prison is a holy place,
And thy sad floor, an altar, for 'twas trod
Until his very steps have left a trace,
Worn, as if the cold pavement were a sod,
By Bonnivard. May none those marks efface,
For they appeal from tyranny to God."

The minister drops both his hands on the railing of the boat, as he finishes the last line. This is his most impressive gesture, used with great effect in that white, wooden pulpit, more than four thousand miles away.

And now comes Clarens! Will our sentimental young lady be as familiar with Rousseau, as she was with Byron? for Clarens was the spot designated by Rousseau as the scene of the loves of Heloise and Abelard.

"Nouvelle Heloise!" we say apologetically, pointing to "Clarens! sweet Clarens!"

"Indeed," she answers in a dry, cold tone, "It looks as if it were a very nice place, the view of the Alps and of the Rhone valley must be quite fine."

Rousseau was French, and therefore, though no worse man than Byron, never fitted for English ears; but here are a party of French, and listen! they are repeating the exquisite passages with which the book abounds, with all the love and reverent familiarity with which

a few minutes ago, we were reciting Byron. Clarens is a Mecca for the sentimental, loving Parisian, and the bright eyes and half-opened, rose-tipped lips of that group of young French girls show that Heloise "is not dead but sleepeth."

Here is Vevay! Our boat runs constantly along this town-built shore. It is a pleasant arrangement, for it gives the broad, Alp-bound, southern banks, with the lake for its foreground. Vevay, is a famous English residence. The *Pensions* are good, and what is very important to the English, *cheap*. There is a swarm of brown hats and flounced dresses coming down the bank, to see if they have any acquaintances on board. How ruddy, and—may we be forgiven—coarse they look, but what gentle, pleasant voices they have! See, the very motion of those recognizing handkerchiefs, is quiet, graceful and lady like, if they were Americans (we shall have to ask forgiveness again) they would call in loud, bold tones to their friends, who would answer back as noisily.

Vevay has charming Alpine and lake views; on no spot on the lake is the water of a deeper, more celestial blue, but we have no wish to land, we shall not stop until we reach Lausanne, and now for a good, fair view of the lake itself. We mean its waters, so celebrated for this peculiar color. One half the glowing stories we have read, we freely confess, until this moment, we have believed fabulous.

This cerulean blue! Is it a reality, or an imagination? Distance may lend enchantment to the view. Go to the bow of your boat, and look out there, before you, to the spot where the sky and the earth meet, or rather to the spot where the sky seems to have fallen, and to have spread itself out for your boat to sail over. Look down where the prow is just going to touch, blue as—we pause for a comparison, it is the heavens, the deep, soft, near, living Italian heaven. There is nothing else to liken it to, in all this beautiful, wide world. There at the side of your boat, where the waters have parted for your

path, lie little hills of blue green, an artist's color. Raphael uses it, in the shadows of his blue, mantled Madonnas; we never saw it any where but there, and here.

Go to the stern of the boat—pearl white! Now these waves dash up their peerless sides for a moment, that the sun may borrow from them a ray of light, which they themselves have stolen from the pearl-lined depths below.

Well, it was *not* a fable. We might look a life-time upon it, and we should always find stealing over us, a new sense of beauty, unimagined before.

We are in no haste for Lausanne, but our captain is, for the steam is up, and the steep rocky sides of the lake are growing gradually flatter and flatter, while vineyards, sweet sloping gardens, pretty villas and clumps of trees, are taking their places, and here are the steeped banks of Lausanne. Lausanne! It is only another name for Gibbon, for Gibbon makes all the interest for us here, as much as Rousseau at Clarens, and Byron at Chillon. Here, Gibbon spent many years of his long and solitary life. Gibbon's house! It is the first thing English or American travelers ask for, as they pass by the town. A large hotel occupies its site; you see it, as you sail by, and the very garden plot made memorable by these words from his pen: "It was on the day, or rather the night of 1787 between the hours of eleven and twelve that I wrote the last line, of the last page [Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire] in a summer house in my garden. After laying down my pen I took several turns in the *berceau*, or covered walk of accacias, which commands a prospect of the country, the lakes and the mountains. The air was temperate, the sky was serene, the silver orb of the moon was reflected from the waves, all nature was silent." And Gibbon doubtless felt an intense sympathy with this silent rest of nature, a feeling that his day was far spent, his work done, and the night fast coming on.

It seems singular, that so far in our sketch of the lake and its associations,

all the celebrities connected with it should be those whom the world has long since stamped as being "without God and without hope." It is hardly possible to imagine how years can be spent amid such scenery, and the heart never go up "from nature to nature's God."

Glance from your boat, as it rests a moment at the wharf, upon the surrounding scenery. The shore recedes on the opposite side, and broad, high mountains seem shutting you in both from heaven and earth. Here, too, is that beautiful Rhone valley, and if you can spare a look at it, you will find the lake bluer than ever.

Our boat is again in motion, and the tourists are rushing eagerly to that part of the deck from which they are promised their first view of Mt. Blanc. We pass Morges, and there it is! We know it, every one of us. See, how its snowy head lifts itself like a monarch over all the surrounding objects! Shall we attempt to describe it? It was certain that we were gazing upon it now, and that the sun was glancing back from its great glittering *aiguilles*, as if it was reflected from those "pearly gates" which inclose the distant, celestial city; and there we stood, all silent, not awe-struck, for it was only beauty, not sublimity, which reached us from those far-off peaks. The New England minister was the first to speak. He said, so that every one on deck could hear, "Which by his strength setteth fast the mountains, being girded with power." "Girded with power." The words had a new, deeper meaning to us then, and as we repeated them over and over again, we thanked our somewhat officious fellow-traveler.

On, now! with the sunlight glancing back from Mt. Blanc; from the transparent amethyst waves; from the valleys and the hills—on to Coppet!

It is no wonder that here Madame de Staël came when she grew weary of the great noisy world. What a place to dream of, and with, Corinne. The very air grows still, as we slowly approach. There is her house, with its two gray towers, and there by that long, low window, that seems almost hung out from the rest of the house, is the room in which Madame

de Staël used to study and write. Some one—it is our pretty, sentimental English girl—whispers, "That there is still preserved in this room the inkstand and table which she used in writing." There is nothing of Corinne in this young admirer, but her capacity of loving, and that subdued and softened look in her eyes, that will dim as they recall the touching scenes in the life and death of the poor Italian girl. How impossible it is, to separate entirely the author from the printed works. It was not the French minister Neckar's daughter who lit up with such intense sympathy the dim windows of the gray old turrets; not the somewhat vain, somewhat weak and foolish politician, but the genius and the woman—the true woman, more than all. There, in that chapel, hidden almost by that clump of trees, she lies buried, by the side of her scheming and disappointed father, and you feel as you gaze lovingly toward the spot, that her grave covered a warm, throbbing human heart.

Our boat does not stop at Coppet this morning, and we are nearing Geneva; we are leaving the towers and the trees, with even the hills, behind, and now we stand out for the middle of the lake, in order, no doubt, that we may see the many beautiful villas and country seats with which both shores are covered. How the English wander every where; here they are, with such very English-looking houses. You will know them by their excessive neatness, and entire freedom from ornament.

There, on the south shore, tall, stately, but not poetical, excepting in its lake-view, conspicuous from all the rest, stands the Diodati. Byron once lived here, and wrote while here, Manfred, and the third canto of Childe Harold. Byron haunted this lake, like a discontented soul, as he really was, and his ghost, moaning and groaning, "still walks."

These residences now begin to lose their country look; there are fewer gardens and trees, and more brick and mortar. You see plainly that you are approaching Geneva.

How deep, and blue, and still the lake

is! Here it is rounded off, finding its vent in the waters of the Rhone, which, having passed quietly along through its bed, now leaps like a caged chamois to its freedom.

Here are other steamboats coming out, and going in, and small sail-boats rock beside us, or the rowers, in some gay painted craft, lie by a moment on their oars while they gaze on our crowded deck as if they expected to find it peopled with friends.

How quickly our boat puffs its way up amid a crowd of small craft to the wharf. What a place! Is it holiday in Geneva that every one has turned out to see our boat come in; or have we some unknown prince of the blood, on board. No sooner do we touch the quay, than such an elbowing, pushing, crowding, loud talking and boisterous gesticulation, takes place, that we have much difficulty in believing, we are not just entering New York, in one of our river boats. It is very absurd. You laugh and are angry, are angry and laugh again, for every piece of your luggage is seized by as many porters as there are handles to the articles, and all the time you read the name of the hotel for which you are destined, printed in great letters on a building not a stone throw from you, "*L'Ecu de Genève.*" It might as well be ten miles off, as far as your speedy prospect of reaching it is concerned. Be patient, and bide your time. Nowhere in the world do you learn so well just what Longfellow meant when he wrote, "learn to labor and to wait," as you do in traveling in Europe.

If you are wise, you will take your seats, and appear not in the least haste; be sure if you do, you will be the first attended to. And so, we called a porter from the "*L'Ecu,*" and watched with interest the scene before us. It has been too often described to bear repetition here; suffice it to say, that in the process of time, we found ourselves in a delightful room at the "*L'Ecu,*" looking directly upon the lake, in the pleasantest of all places, where the

Rhone is dashing away to the green country beyond.

This then, is the end of this far-famed lake. No, not quite, for of all the places on the lake, Geneva is the most replete with interesting associations, but our further notices must be extremely brief.

Voltaire chose this spot out from all this world, to blight with his presence. Only six miles away, his Ferney, and every inch of ground between here and there has been profaned by his footsteps. Here, within sight of all these outspread glories of the Invisible, he dared boldly and impiously, to deny his existence, and spent the shafts of his ill-omened wit, in hurling defiance at Him, in whose hand these mountains could be "taken up as a very little thing, and removed into the sea." For nearly twenty years he resided here, collecting around him, all the intellectual brilliancy and power of Europe. The idol of the great, the friend and companion of kings and princes, boasting and babbling, through years of undisguised infidelity, and blasting with that greatest of all curses, the presence of a bad man, these scenes of grandeur and beauty upon which God had "set his seal." Endeavoring to make Ferney another Eden, but one where the serpent lurked about undisguised, and where the tree of knowledge, bore only the knowledge of evil. We went to the Ferney, half expecting to see the flaming sword, waving over the gate; but it did not need it. Ruin and Desolation sat like watchmen on either side. The mark was "set upon the forehead," and you wondered as you looked around, how many Abels had fallen victims to this one bold, bad man. Rousseau, John Calvin and Voltaire, lived at one time in Geneva! What an assemblage! and what wonder that Voltaire and Rousseau should have united in opposing and condemning John Calvin.

From amidst the close confinement of his student life Calvin must have looked upon these men, almost as beings of another world. The genius-laden watch-

maker's son, filled with wild, reckless, dissolute impulses; joyous in the joy of God's world; listening for the rustle of every bird's wing that folded itself softly above him, and searching out with his quick, poet-eye the humblest flower that closed its tiny leaf over its untold beauties; giving to nature the earnest love of an earnest heart; and receiving from her in return, the power to paint the human, all divine; creating beings too fair, too fond; an iconoclast, whose idols had less of earth than of the old, classic, sensuous heaven; embodiments of Grecian beauty and Grecian spirituality. Upon such a man, what kind of influence could John Calvin have exerted. Overpowering upon all the rest of Geneva, it is no wonder that it should have fallen unheeded here. Rousseau, believed in no stern Being, who had made such a world, and given ample powers for enjoying it, and yet required that strict self-control which said to the waves of human passion, "thus far, but no farther:" while Calvin, pale and exhausted from long vigils, and ceaseless prayer, wore out life's best energies in strict abstinence, and never-ending austerities. Standing upon the dividing line, where the gloom of monastic life was just beginning to soften in the twilight of the reformation, uncertain whether the natural impulses were from above or below; melting at the words of love, yet steeling his heart for fear that they should be the voice of the tempter; drinking in with his own deep, poet's soul, the "thoughts that burned," as they fell from the pens of the godless ones; thrilling with the sense of beauty and love, and gentle sadness, which stole into his heart from the passion-burdened words of

Rousseau, and confessing in that meek humility as a sin, which might be the one never to be forgiven, that upon those pages of Voltaire he had found lessons of practical wisdom, and deep truths of earthly love, which had left their influence upon his stern, strong mind forever.

As these three men lived then, they live now, and when the light of this our first night in Geneva faded away from the still sky, and the still lake, we leaned far out of our window, and though the air is filled with the hum of busy, living voices, there falls upon our ears, not the wild ringing laugh of the poet Rousseau, as he trills his love song, to the listening, loved one; not the sharp, keen witticism, with which the old man Voltaire, weary at last of a world that had long since been weary of him, sought to bring back again to his dull ear, the words of adulation, not the mumbled curses of God and man, which were the last sounds lingering upon his pale and parching lips, but a strong, earnest, manly voice, reaches us through the soft hush of this summer night, and we know it is John Calvin, for the words uttered once "shook the world."

And as we listen, the bright stars come out one by one in the heaven above and the heaven beneath us, and we watch them as the ripples break over their silent depths. A moment gone! then there, bright and steady as before, and we say to ourselves, so it may be with these men, who once lived and wrote here, obscured for a passing moment by a ripple in the great ocean of time, but the light of their genius like that of the stars will burn on undiminished forever.

SPRING.

ONCE more thou comest, O delicious Spring!
 And as thy light and gentle footsteps tread
 Among earth's glories, desolate and dead,
 Breathest revival over everything.
 Thy genial spirit is abroad to bring
 The cold and faded into life and bloom,
 Emblem of that which shall unlock the
 tomb,

And take away the fell destroyer's sting.
 Therefore thou hast the warmer welcoming:
 For Nature speaks not of herself alone,
 But in her resurrection tells our own.
 As from its grave comes forth the buried grain,
 So man's frail body, in corruption sown,
 In incorruption shall be raised again.

THE CHOICE OF COMPANIONS IN YOUTH.

I FOUND myself, the other day, recalling to memory the companions of my youth, and reflecting upon their success or their failure. It has long been a maxim with me, that if a man succeeds permanently there is a good reason for it. He either possesses talent, or industry, or perseverance, or self-government, or sagacity, or disinterested kindness, or some element or elements of character that render him a desirable associate to men of advanced standing. So, if he fails, there is always a good reason for this also. He may be wanting in capacity, or more frequently he is indolent, pleasure-loving, fitful and selfish, governed by passion instead of reason and conscience, or he has the unfortunate tendency always to stand in his own light. A young man who desires to fulfill his destiny must have in view some elevated object in life, and he must resolutely sacrifice every thing inconsistent with the attainment of it. Let him do this, in humble confidence on God, and quietly bide his time. Providence will take care of the rest.

A young man, however, with no bad intentions, is liable to failure from causes of which he does not distinctly see the results. Among these, one of the most seductive and also most fatal is indiscretion in the choice of companions. It is as true now as ever it was, that a man is known by the company he keeps. Young men are naturally diffident. They are shy, and fear to associate with those whom they believe to know more than themselves. Instead of assiduously cultivating themselves, they keep out of the way, until, after a few years, they have reason to be ashamed of their ignorance. They know also that good society imposes restraints, and they do not wish to be restrained. It has its understood rules of behavior, and as they do not choose to learn these by social intercourse, they fear the reproach of awkwardness and ill-breeding. Aware of their unfitness for the society of intelligent and well-bred men, they comfort themselves by ridicul-

ing usages which the common sense of mankind has for real convenience everywhere established. Thus many young men of respectable talent grow up as outsiders, standing aloof from those who would cheerfully receive them as companions and friends; from those, indeed, whose friendship would be invaluable as an introduction to an honorable position in life.

But man is a social animal; he must have associates and intimates. This is especially the case with the young. They can not live in solitude. Having shut themselves out from one class of associates, they naturally turn to another. They are shy of those who know more than themselves, and they instinctively seek for those who know less. They do not like to subject themselves to restraint, and they choose society in which they will be under no restraint whatever. They turn from associates who would observe, ever so kindly, any impropriety in conversation or behavior, and select associates with whom they may do and talk just as they please. Thus, before they are aware, they find themselves intimate with none but men in low life. Their conversation is redolent of slang phrases. They are familiar with nothing but the small talk of the neighborhood, especially with that which bears disparagingly upon men of whom the community think well. If they are fond of music, they sing abundantly, but only among themselves, and their songs are coarse and boisterous, with a tendency to something worse. They think little of propriety of dress, but choose to be either slatterns or fops. If a young man be lively and spirited, or, as is technically called, "a good fellow," he may be occasionally profane or obscene, or now and then intemperate, it only creates the remark that A. B. is a little "tight." Their meetings frequently droop and must be enlivened by a game of cards; the winners must pay for a supper, which leads to late hours, and is a preparation for something worse. In short, this class of

young men form a society by themselves; they establish a public opinion to which they all submit, and this public opinion always emanates from the lowest and most sensual among them. Under these circumstances they easily slide from indifferent to bad, from bad to worse. One after another becomes abandoned. If any escape they find that while they have taken one path, the young men of intelligence and virtue have taken another; and these paths have greatly diverged. Dissociated from all that is honorable and noble, they have sense enough remaining to feel their degradation. Without confidence in themselves, they are proud of a passing recognition from men with whom they might and ought to have been the equals and associates.

I well remember a schoolmate of mine at the academy. John P. was a boy of respectable parents, of good but not brilliant talents. With steady application he was capable of standing well in his class, and at first he held a good rank as a scholar. He was quiet and good-tempered, but shy, and seemed disposed to keep by himself, at least he was not fond of associating with those of his own standing. We did not know what to make of him, for he seemed to have nothing in common with the rest of us. By degrees, however, the mystery of his conduct was explained. He had associates and intimates, but they were commonly younger than himself, and boys whose pursuits had nothing in common with ours. He had imbibed a taste for low society. His intimates were rude, uneducated, and rather rowdy boys, whose conversation could not by any possibility call to mind any of the studies in which he was engaged. To use a common expression, they were "fellows of no account," and they hung loosely on the community. At times, though so young, he was seen intoxicated. His scholarship had become irregular, when I left him to enter college.

He followed me in a year. His habits had become fixed. He was less than ever at home with intelligent and well-bred young men. His fondness for

liquor had increased. He rarely took a walk for exercise without stopping at a grocery before his return. His scholarship declined as he advanced, and at last he was continued in college by sufferance rather than from merit. He was, however, graduated, with a bias towards intemperance deeply stamped upon him. I frequently afterwards inquired about him but could gain no information. A star before his name on the triennial catalogue, is now all the record that remains of my old schoolmate, John P.

There is one source of this tendency to low society to which I have never seen an allusion. It is the love of horses. Young men seem naturally fond of riding and driving, they love to see an animal in good condition. They wish to understand horseflesh, its good and bad points, its paces, its diseases, the ways of the horse on the road and in the stable. Their great ambition is to handle the "ribbons" skillfully, to drive a fast but somewhat dangerous horse, and to be able to pass their brethren of a similar taste upon the road.

Now, the persons who most abound in this kind of knowledge and skill, whose judgments are, in their own opinion, infallible in everything pertaining to a horse, are ostlers, grooms, coachmen and stage-drivers. They naturally become the chosen companions of any young person who is smitten with the tendencies to which I have alluded. Their whole talk is horses, and they are well pleased to initiate our neophyte into all the mysteries of the craft. Soon there grows up an intimacy between them and the young man who ought to be the happy companion of parents, brothers and sisters around the happy fireside of home, finds his chosen place of resort the stable, and his intimate companions grooms and coachmen. He can neither talk nor think of anything but horses, and to him conversation is a blank that turns upon anything else. The choicest portion of his life is thus wasted in acquiring knowledge of no possible use to him; nay more, he is shutting himself out of society that would

improve him, and is forming intimacies of which the tendency is inevitably downward. He ignores the rank to which Providence has assigned him, and it will be well if he is able to take any rank at all.

A striking illustration of this result is seen in the history of the Dutch families in the agricultural parts of the state of New York. The original Dutch inhabitants were a race remarkable for industry, plainness, frugality, sound sense, and strong attachment to religious observances. They, however, adhered to their own language, and held the language of the Yankees in contempt. They thus shut themselves out from the influences of an English education. Their sons grew up in comparative ignorance, and became universally enamored of horse flesh. No young man had a higher ambition than to possess the finest horse in the neighborhood. Horse racing, gambling and drinking rapidly followed, and the Dutch families soon melted away. The only record of their existence is in the names of the towns which they settled, and where they once lived in rural and hospitable magnificence.

But it will be asked, are not grooms and ostlers and coachmen as good as anybody, and is not a man to be esteemed not for his calling, but for what he actually is? Undoubtedly an honest and useful calling is no disgrace, it is rather an honor to any one. An ostler may be a more respectable man than a millionaire, and a millionaire may be a more respectable man than an ostler. A mean, selfish, vulgar rich man deserves no more respect than a mean, selfish, vulgar poor man. If then we find good and bad men in all the walks of life, why should we confine ourselves to one class, and exclude from our association all the others. Let us treat them all as they deserve. Because there are bad, mercenary, rich merchants, as well as among grooms, this is no reason for choosing grooms as our chief associates.

But this is not all. Horses are valuable and it is important that those who have the care of them should understand

horse flesh. They may well devote their life to the pursuit of this knowledge. But is this a reason why a young man who is destined for other pursuits should spend the best part of his life in acquiring a skill which in a few years will be to him entirely valueless?

Nor is this all. The position that a young man shall hold in society depends greatly on the impression which he makes on the men who are now in active business, and on their belief that he is one in whose intelligence and virtue they may safely confide. He who avoids their company, is the companion of grooms and coachmen, and who is known to be capable of nothing but driving fast horses, at the imminent risk of humble pedestrians, will never be selected to occupy an important situation. He falls out of his natural line. No place is open for him, and he passes through life complaining that every one is against him.

Let every young man who wishes to succeed in life, have an object in view, to the accomplishment of which every effort shall be directed. A miscellaneous life leads only to incidental and miscellaneous results. Having decided upon his object, let him spend his youth in preparing himself to fulfill the duties of the place which he desires to occupy.

Let him dismiss at once every habit and every association that will in the least interfere with this preparation. Let him cultivate in *advance*, that knowledge which he will need when he comes to act. Let him not suppose that knowledge will come by magic whenever he wants it. It will never *come* unless he has before *acquired* it. A merchant who needs assistance can not spend time to teach him, he needs one who has already taught himself.

Let him cultivate habits of industry. Nothing valuable in this life is attainable without labor. Why should he hope to be an exception? Let him not be seen riding, loitering, stopping at the corners of the streets to inquire the news. Proficiency in this line is no recommendation.

In choosing his associates let him select those who will improve him. If he is awkward, let him cultivate the ac-

quaintance of well-bred people, from whom he will learn the habits and usages of good society. If he is ignorant let him give himself to self-improvement, and qualify himself for the society of intelligent men, instead of shutting himself out from their companionship.

Let him show himself worthy of re-

spect, and he will be respected, and places of usefulness will soon stand open before him. A man should maintain such a character that his services are sought after, and then he will be able to choose for himself his position in life.

RECOLLECTIONS OF SEA SIGHTS.

As you stand on the deck of a steamer upon a smooth sea, one of the most vivid impressions of the scene is produced by the wake you leave behind you. When you sail upon a river, your track bends with the windings of the stream; or if it be straight, the banks in the main, are also straight, and your wake, in that case, is only a narrow stripe of foam upon the broader highway of the river. But out at sea your track never bends; and the only line you see beside it is the great circle of the horizon. Across this circle you are drawing your line of foam—a long diameter. There lies the sparkling path behind you, growing fainter, indeed, as you look along it; yet it is easy to imagine that it is only the distance that dims it; and that if one could walk on the sea he might follow the highway over the waters through daylight and darkness away to the port he left a week before. And what a pathway it would be! No malachite can rival the brightness and variety of its coloring. At those frequent points where the bubbles are buried just beneath the surface and have not yet risen in foam, the sea takes the most brilliant emerald hue. Beside these are patches of water that have escaped the general disturbance and so retain their native deep green color; while great sheets of snow-white foam shoot over this mottled marble, and the whole soon blends into a broad zone of pearl.

One who has not seen the phosphorescent light of the ocean under the paddle-wheels of a steamer, has no idea of its brilliancy and beauty. The whole mass of water that has been disturbed by the

wheels, glows with a mild silvery luster. But in the midst of this luminous river balls of vivid white light shoot backward, so large and so many that they make up nearly half the substance of the sea. You are sailing over an inverted firmament; but no firmament so teems with constellations. Where the disturbed water rises into foam you have a sheet of light, yet not so brilliant but that the balls of white fire, where they mount to the surface, just show themselves by their greater luster. The crested waves that radiate on both sides from behind the paddle-wheels wash over the black sea like waves of light on a shore of darkness. Where these curling waves break, long plowing fingers stretch themselves out over the dark surface in a helpless grasp. Then the subsiding surge rises again farther off into a narrow crest of light. But the black sea swallows it and you leave behind you only the sharp track of the bright boiling waters.

You get a different but very beautiful path over the ocean, from the reflected light of the sun or moon. The effect is finest at night. There hangs the moon in the southern sky, and a pavement of silver ripples, shading off on both sides through a network of narrowing lines into the dark surface of the sea, promises to lead you from the very side of your vessel to that brightest point where the glittering track meets the horizon.

Sometimes the clouds pile themselves up in black masses entirely hiding the moon. But a distant break which you can not see just suffers a far-off circumscribed silver glow to fall upon the inky

waters. The fissure opens, and the glow reaches slowly towards you till it lies upon the sea, a long line of trembling light. By that time the moon herself is visible, facing the dark clouds with a shining border and hanging the mottled white and black of the heavens over the arrowy line of light upon the ocean.

But as fine effects of the moon and clouds upon the sea may sometimes be seen from the shore as from the deck of a vessel. My sleeping-room in Genoa was high up in the Hotel de Ville, an old palace of broad marble halls and staircases, and overlooked the harbor with its forest of masts; the mole with its picturesque light-house; and beyond these, the broad Mediterranean. I woke at midnight, and looking out of the broad windows, saw the sky covered

with heavy clouds, broken by a few irregular openings which the full moon edged into silver. The sea was in full sight and was kindled at two or three different points into brightness scarcely less than that of day. All the rest was as dark as midnight. As the wind bore along the heavy clouds, those bright disks swept over the roughened water; now the light fell on the light-house; now on the multitude of masts; now it shone full into my window, the round moon hanging in the midst of the parted clouds. Again, the broad pall covered the whole, except that far, far away on the black waters a single pencil of light relieved the uniform darkness of the sea and sky. I shall never forget that midnight view of contrasted lights and shadows on the Gulf of Genoa.

OUR QUARTERMASTER : GENERAL SHERIDAN.

A MODEST, quiet little man was our Quartermaster. Yet nobody could deny the vitalizing energy and masterly force of his presence, when he had occasion to exert himself. Neat in person, courteous in demeanor, exact in the transaction of business, and most accurate in all matters appertaining to the regulations, orders, and general military custom, it was no wonder that our acting chief Quartermaster should have been universally liked. Especially was he in favor socially, for it soon became known that he was, off duty, a most genial companion, answering the most mythical requirement of that vaguest of comprehensive terms—"a good fellow."

We were assembling at Lebanon, Missouri, in the months of November and December, 1861, and, under the designation of the "Army of the Southwest," were about to inaugurate an active campaign. It was a marked gathering. A majority of those who used to gather at head-quarters still aid to make glorious the national history. The battle-fields

and victories of Keetsville, Pea Ridge, Sugar Creek, Cross Hollows, and many another conflict in that splendid march through northern and central Arkansas, have made the army of the Southwest renowned.

The historic names which memory recalls are many. They have since become as "familiar as household words." Among these officers, and others as gallant and gay, our Quartermaster Captain, Phillip Henry Sheridan, made his bow one fine day in December, when, in obedience to orders from Major General Halleck, he reported at Lebanon, for assignment by Gen. Curtis to duty as chief Quartermaster of the Army of the Southwest. Sheridan was quite unknown to fame, though nine and a half years of arduous service in the regular army had given him a title to a more brilliant field than the one to which he was then assigned. To Gen. Halleck is due the credit of earliest foreseeing and calling out the great powers of Sheridan—qualities which make his name a synonym for all that is daring

in execution; all that is superb in that tremendous dash and *élan* by which alone can a cavalry commander grandly succeed; all that is heroic in the power, not only of holding on grimly when the tide of battle ebbs and flows most doubtfully, but also to see how "from the nettle danger, to pluck the flower safety."

What forms such a character is noteworthy. Gen. Sheridan's experiences and characteristics are eminently American, and fitly and typically prelude his career. Not often talking of himself, he yet told enough to make one see how his character was crystallized. Every incident will serve in making up the analysis, and will indicate qualities, upon a general view of which we arrive at a synthetical estimate. Such lives as Sheridan's, history treasures as types, and embalms them as examples.

General Sheridan is an American citizen of Irish descent, as his name, and still more, his face, will indicate. He is not ashamed to own the "soft impeachment." From the few life-experiences told by our Quartermaster, we learned incidents of his boyhood, and also of his professional experiences. Of the latter he said "he knew nothing else, but that he knew thoroughly." Sheridan's modesty was almost unconquerable.

He was born in Massachusetts, but raised in Perry County, Ohio. His parents were poor, and Phillip's opportunities of education were quite limited. At an early age he began to earn his diurnal allowance of buttered bread, and when appointed to West Point by the then member of Congress, was engaged at Zanesville, Ohio, in driving a water-cart, and supplying the inhabitants with its contents. An elder brother possessed some local political influence, and Sheridan himself had attracted the attention of the congressman. The result was that in 1848, Sheridan entered the Military Academy, being at the time seventeen years old.

He remained until June, 1853, when he graduated well, and received an appointment as brevet second lieutenant, in the first U. S. Infantry, joining his company at Fort Duncan, Texas, in the fall of the

same year. To the nation Sheridan owed all his early opportunities. And nobly has he repaid the debt. Unlike many another recreant child of her munificence, he has never faltered in devout allegiance to the country which endowed him with education and profession, or failed to serve the flag he had sworn to follow. From the time of entrance into active service at the age of twenty-two, Sheridan was actively and laboriously engaged in the duties of his position. Till after the rebellion broke out, his life was spent in active service against the hostile Indians, in command of exploring parties, and at solitary posts upon the frontier or distant Pacific territories.

Till the spring of 1855 he was actively engaged against the Camanches of Texas. Then gazetted second lieutenant in the Fourth Infantry, he was ordered to join his regiment in Oregon, which he did. On arrival he took command of an escort for Lieut. Williamson's exploration of a branch of the Pacific from Columbia river to San Francisco. In the discharge of this duty he was highly commended in the report of Williamson, published by Congress.

In September, 1855, at Vancouver, Washington territory, he accompanied Major Rains, of the Fourth (since a rebel Major General) on an expedition against the Yokima Indians. For gallantry in an engagement at the Cascades of Columbia, April 28th, 1856, he was specially noted in general orders. In May following he took command of the Yokima Reservation, in the coast range of mountains. He then selected a site for a military post in the Siletz Valley. In the spring of '57 he was complimented by General Scott for meritorious conduct in the settlement of difficulties with the Indians at Yokima Bay. In the same year he built a post at Yamhill, Washington territory. During the following three years he was actively engaged against Indians in the mountain ranges. The fatigues and hardships incidental to such a life have hardened him until he is tough as a hickory sapling, and hardy as a Northern pine. We have heard him tell of living on grasshoppers

for days together—a light diet which might fitly train a man for the long cavalry raids since characteristic of Sheridan's operations. He once carried his provisions for two weeks in a blanket rolled across his shoulders.

When the additional regiments were authorized for the regular army, Sheridan was promoted to a captaincy in the 13th. He was then ordered to join it at Jefferson Barracks, Mo., which he did in September, 1861. Soon after he was placed on duty as president of the Board to audit the claims growing out of Fremont's administration in the west. Here the order directing him to report to Gen. Curtis found him.

We have said Captain Sheridan was modest. In those days he was especially so. Whenever he did allow his ambition to appear, it appeared to be of a moderate cast. "He was the sixty-fourth captain on the list, and with the chances of war, thought he might soon be major." Such were the terms in which the future Major-General spoke of promotion. No visions of brilliant stars, single or dual, then glimmered on the horizon of his life. If he could pluck an old leaf and gild the same for his shoulder's wear, he was satisfied. If any one had suggested the possibility of a brigadiership, our Quartermaster would have supposed it meant in irony. Yet he was even then recognized as a man of vigorous character. The judgment then given by a prominent staff officer has since been verified by his brilliant career. It was, that Sheridan was not great as a brain to plan, but tremendous as an arm to execute.

None who knew Sheridan then can lay claim to an understanding of his great qualities. Those which won their esteem were the genial and attractive ones, which all remember with something akin to affection. Especially is this true of the subordinates who came into immediate contact with our Quartermaster. The enlisted men on duty at headquarters, or in his own bureau, remember him kindly. Not a clerk or orderly but treasures some act of kindness done by Captain Sheridan. Never forgetting, or allowing others to

forget, the respect due to him and his position, he was yet the most approachable officer at headquarters. His knowledge of the regulations and customs of the army, and of all professional minutiae, were ever at the disposal of any proper inquirer. Private soldiers are seldom allowed to carry away as pleasant and kindly associations of a superior, as those with which Captain Sheridan endowed us. When the army was ready to move, he gave his personal attention in seeing that all attached to headquarters were properly equipped for service in the field, issuing the necessary stores, animals, etc., without difficulty or discussion. Many a man received information about the preparation of papers, and other matters, which has since been of invaluable assistance. Nor was his kindness confined to subordinates alone. It is easy for some men to be genial and kind to those under them, while it seems impossible to behave with the proper courtesy due to those whose position entitles them to consideration as gentlemen. We have served with a major-general since then, who to his soldiers was always forbearing, kindly and humane; while to his officers, especially those on the staff, he was almost invariably rude, rough, blunt and inconsiderate. This could not be said of Sheridan. He had that proper pride of military life, which not alone demands, but accords, to all the courtesy due among gentlemen. It is fair to say that no man has risen more rapidly with less jealousy; if the feelings entertained by his old associates of the Army of the Southwest are any criterion.

Sheridan's modesty amounted to bashfulness, especially in the presence of the gentler sex. His life, having been passed on the frontier, among Indians or at some solitary post, it was not at all surprising that our Quartermaster should hesitate when urged to go where ladies might be expected. If by chance he found himself in such a gathering, he was sure to shrink into an obscure corner and keep silent. We remember an amusing incident of this bashfulness.

He became attracted towards a young lady at Springfield, where he was engaged

in forwarding supplies to the army. Desirous of showing her some attention, he was altogether too modest to venture on such a step. Finally he hit upon an expedient. He had a gay young clerk, Eddy, in his office, whom he induced to take the young lady out riding, while he (Sheridan) furnished the carriage and horses. The modest little captain could often be seen looking with pleasure on this arrangement. Courting by proxy seemed to please him as much (as it certainly was less embarrassing) as if it had been done by himself. There are but few men whose modesty would carry them so far. What the result was we never learnt. We think it most probable Eddy carried off the prize.

The labors of Captain Sheridan as Quartermaster were very arduous; in addition to which he had the general superintendence of the Subsistence department. Everything needed organizing. Though nine months of war had passed, few yet realized the stupenduous character of the struggle, or the magnitude of the preparations needed to meet it. Even our Quartermaster fell within the criticism of not fully comprehending the wants of an army, no larger than the one Gen. Curtis commanded. Yet what was done, and there was a great deal of it, was thoroughly done. His transportation and trains were organized. Depots were established at Rolla and Springfield, and a large amount of supplies accumulated. While the army was moving to Pea Ridge, it was mainly supplied with stores obtained from the surrounding country. In one respect, as Quartermaster, Sheridan was a model. He cut down the regimental trains to the lowest margin then conceived possible, and in so doing won the cordial opposition of most regimental officers. Each regiment had at the time a train larger than that now apportioned by general orders to a corps. The wagons were often of all sizes and character, from the regulation six-muler, to the lumbering farm-wagon or spring-cart, pressed from the neighborhood. Sheridan changed all this, and compelled the turning over of all superfluous transportation for use in the general army train.

Sheridan remained at Springfield until after the battle of Pea Ridge, when he was ordered, in consequence of a disagreement with the commanding general to report at St. Louis under arrest.

The circumstances were such, that, while not derogatory to Gen. Curtis, they did no injury to Sheridan. The severe cold and exhaustive marches had reduced our stock very much. It became necessary to replenish before a contemplated forward movement, and Gen. Curtis sent orders to Capt. Sheridan to gather up suitable animals from the country, and, giving the owners vouchers, forward them to the army. At the time the order was issued, the captain was excited about some depredations reported as committed by a company of Illinois cavalry, to complaints of which he did not consider sufficient attention had been paid. A letter was sent from his office, rather indecorously alluding to this in connection with the order, and claiming that he was not a "jay hawker." On this letter he was relieved, and ordered to St. Louis. The necessities of the campaign required Gen. Curtis to be supplied; the charity and kindness of Capt. Sheridan made him regard it otherwise; as well as the fact that, he, like many other officers of the regular army, favored a policy of dealing gently with the inhabitants of our "wayward sister" states, which his subsequent experience has effectually changed.

At this time Sheridan held the views of the war, common to the majority of officers in the regular army. His professional surroundings had not made him hostile to slavery, to say the least. He was a Democrat in a partizan sense, though not in the true spirit of the term. To him anti-slavery was more reprehensible than the opposite, and if he had had the settlement of the war then, it would have been among the first of his movements, to order the execution of an equal number of "northern fanatics and southern fire-eaters," as the phrase used to go in those days. War waged for righteous ends and living verities, is always an educator. Men reason swiftly when life and liberty hang in the balance. As the scenes of a life-time

flash like a vivid panorama upon the momentary consciousness of a drowning or falling man, so do the primal truths or falsehoods of dogmas and convictions, become apparent to the really earnest man who steps into the martial arena. We wager the assertion that Sheridan's democracy is of a much truer type now, than it was four years since. Not, let it be understood, that he was marked or obtrusive in the expression of views, or that in any way opinions were offensively expressed. Still such was the impression of his views left on an observer.

After returning to St. Louis Sheridan was sent to Wisconsin to purchase horses. That duty accomplished he was made Chief Quartermaster of the army, under Gen. Halleck, before Corinth. The writer met him here again and found him grown to the full measure of his new and greater responsibilities. Soon after, he was placed at the head of a cavalry regiment, the 2d Michigan, and the most dashing cavalier yet found, fleshed his "maiden" sabre, in the famous expedition under Col. Elliott, sent to destroy the Mobile and Ohio railroad at Booneville, Mississippi, thirty miles south of Corinth. It will be remembered as a great success, resulting in the capture and destruction of a large train, the tearing up of the track, and the capture of two thousand prisoners. Sheridan showed the qualities which have since made him illustrious. He was foremost in all the daring cavalry movements following immediately upon the evacuation of Corinth—movements which for the first time showed the superiority of our cavalry. In less than a month Sheridan was in command of the 2d Brigade of the Cavalry Division of the Army of the Mississippi, consisting of his own regiment, and the 2d Iowa Cavalry. This was on the 12th of June. On the 1st of July he most gallantly won his brigadier's star, within six weeks of the date of taking command of his regiment. He was stationed at Booneville, twenty miles in front of the main army. Here he was attacked by nine regiments of cavalry under Gen. Chalmers, numbering over five thousand men. After considerable skir-

mishing, he fell back towards his camp, on the edge of a swamp. Here he held them in check, until he could select ninety of his best men, and send them four miles to the rear to make a simultaneous attack with himself in front. The small detachment appeared suddenly in the rear, impetuously attacked the rebels, who supposed them to be an advance of a large force, and at the same time Sheridan flung himself furiously upon their front. The enemy were utterly routed and, panic-stricken, fled from the field. They ran for twenty miles, strewing the route with clothing, arms, and all kinds of equipments. This is a brief condensation of notes made at the time.

But to follow his career is not in the scope of this writing. Our aim is only to give the personal impressions left by Sheridan on those with whom he came in contact before fame had crowned his name, and the gratitude of a redeemed nation bound laurels for his brow.

In person, (at least in repose) General Sheridan would not be called a handsome man. Some one has called him an "emphatic human syllable." If so, nature's compositor set him up in the black face, broad letter, sometimes seen in "jobs" and advertisements. It is "solid" at that. Sheridan is barely five feet six inches in height. His body is stout; his lower limbs rather short. He is what would be called "stocky," in horse-jockey phraseology. Deep and broad in the chest, compact and firm in muscle, active and vigorous in motion, there was not a pound of superfluous flesh on his body, at the time we write. His face and head showed his Celtic origin. Head long, well balanced in shape, and covered with a full crop of close curling dark hair. His forehead moderately high, but quite broad, perceptive well developed, high cheek bones, dark beard, closely covering a square lower jaw, and firm-lined mouth, clear dark eyes, which were of a most kindly character, completed the *tout ensemble* memory gives at the call. Always neat in person, and generally dressed in uniform, Captain Sheridan looked as he was, a quiet, unassuming, but deter-

mined officer and gentleman, whose modesty would always have been a barrier to great renown, had not the golden gates of opportunity been unbarred for his passage. Almost the opposite of the Lieutenant General in his intellectual traits, yet like him in many social characteristics, it would have been difficult for so great a general to have found a more vigorous subordinate, or a more daring executive

of the stupendous plans he formed. Philip Henry Sheridan is now thirty-four years of age, and has won a reputation second only to Grant himself, and to that embodiment of nervous and intellectual force, Major General Sherman. We have not heard the last of our pugnacious and pertinacious Quartermaster, whom may the God of battles hold safe from harm.

SHORT SERMONS FOR SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHERS.

NUMBER II.

"And she called his name Moses: and she said, because I drew him out of the water."—Exodus ii. 10.

ABOUT four thousand years ago a little boy was saved from drowning in the Nile river. That incident forms the theme of this present discourse.

"Life," says Jean Paul, "should in every shape be precious to us; for the same reason that the Turks carefully collect each scrap of paper which comes in their way, because the name of God may be written upon it." If it were not for this name of God, possible to be written upon every human heart, I would no more attempt to interest you in the recital of that Hebrew babe's rescue, than I would in the bursting of one of the myriad bubbles which broke against the side of the bulrush vessel he lay in.

Once, when our Saviour wanted to instruct his disciples in primary doctrine, he took a little child, and set him in the midst of them. If Pharaoh's daughter will but lend to our imagination for an hour the ark she discovered, we will place it here in full view, and make it our preacher. Our lesson shall be concerning the saving of children.

I. Let me, in the first place, recall to your minds the perils which surrounded the life which was saved on that memorable occasion.

1. It was the life of an *infant* child. Strange indeed does it seem to think

that Moses, the venerable lawgiver of the chosen people, once was a feeble babe, weak and wailing as ever was a nursling of three months in its mother's arms. Yet this was he, lying there in the reeds by the river-side. Look at him a moment! Surely, he needs not to be killed in order to die. Infancy alone will extinguish that insignificant glimmer of existence. Just leave him where he is a little longer, and you will never hear of his going up into Mount Nebo. One rush of the waves through a crevice, and the march in the wilderness will never be made. One quick gasp, as the relentless current hurries him under, and the Bible will be less by a Pentateuch.

2. It was the life of a *proscribed* child. His nation was in bondage. His mother was a slave. He was "one of the Hebrew's children." He became instantly, therefore, an outlaw. All Egypt was on the alert for his life. He was a tremendous enemy of the government that was building the pyramids! There was no room in the world for male Hebrew children when Moses was born. Aaron, his brother, got in before the door was shut. Beautiful maidens were those, doubtless, in attendance upon Egypt's princess; but between them and this foundling, socially, there was forevermore a great gulf fixed.

3. It was the life of an *outcast* child.

He had no friends. His mother had already hidden him till concealment was dangerous. It must have been a hard thing for her now to put him out on the river. Sorrowful hours were those she and little Miriam had, weaving the rushes. But this was the best they could do for him. He was as much adrift on the world as he well could be; and that at an age conceded to be unusually early. Feeble fight would he be likely to make with the hard fortunes that beset him.

You pity him: so do I, with all my heart. But I will tell you what you may pity to better purpose. There are scores of sons and daughters of misery, drifting out upon a stream of vice, which the Nile with all its murkiness and its monsters can not parallel for peril; a river of depraved humanity, hurrying on before it every thing good and promising into the dark destiny behind the cloud. I think it high time more was doing in our Christian communities for the rescue of children.

II. Let me tell you now, in the second place, who it was that saved that life, so exposed upon the margin of the Nile.

1. Primarily, of course, God. This he has claimed for his especial office. "He gathereth together the outcasts of Israel." Here was a child, orphaned while his parents were living; homeless, when his father's house was within sight; deserted, when his own sister kept her eye upon him; an outlaw, when the princess of the realm was coming to his relief. Who put him in the midst of such contradictions? Who set all the extraordinary train of helpers in motion? He it was, into whose faithful face the Psalmist looked up as he said, "When my father and my mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up."

2. Instrumentally, however, God made use of four agents in this rescue. And it is because all of us, in one way or another, can find an example among them to imitate in forwardness of zeal, that I mention them in turn:

A *believing mother* was the first of them. "By faith, Moses when he was born was

hid three months of his parents." Prudence and piety were joined in the effort made for his relief. That trustful woman religiously committed her child to a covenant-keeping God. But she did all that human ingenuity could suggest to protect him. She used the means within her own reach. Then, with unwavering confidence, she tranquilly awaited the issue.

A *wealthy princess* was also one of the helpers in the rescue. Pharaoh's daughter, coming down to the water, heard the wailing voice among the rushes. When her attendants brought the curious vessel ashore, she "saw the child." The great humanity asserted itself in her breast. She felt the sincerest sympathy for a creature so forlorn. It was against the law, mind you, for her to pity him. It was "resisting the powers" to aid a little fugitive slave in those uncivilized times. But through all the meshes of conventional exclusion, through all the links of legislation, her womanly instinct found its unhindered way. And in that exalted moment the princess rose to an elevation she never surpassed. She planted herself on the rock by the side of the Creator, who "hath made of one blood all nations of men." No Christian woman, surely, ever does herself and her sex the honor that the merest self-respect requires, until she is able to free her heart from all trammels of social distinction and caste privilege, enough to cheerfully do good to any poor child of destitution and prejudice, for whom the common Redeemer has died.

An *intelligent child* was likewise one of the parties that saved Moses' life. Quite a number of useful children are mentioned in the Scripture. A little lad furnished the loaves and fishes to feed the five thousand. A little girl led the Syrian leper to Elisha for his cure. A touching spectacle rises upon our imagination, when we think of the young Miriam, perhaps at the time four or five years old, put on guard just out of sight to keep the family informed concerning the fate of the ark. How the

heart of that faithful watcher must have fluttered, when she saw the royal train approaching the spot! Miriam was undoubtedly a very bright child. She appears remarkably well in this story. There is ingenuity and great shrewdness in her quick suggestion of a *nurse*—a *Hebrew nurse*—and *herself* to go and make choice of one. What is the reason children may not be trained in saving children? There is marvelous intelligence in some of them, that might be turned to unmeasured advantage, if they were taught usefulness, as patiently as they are accomplishments.

An *affectionate teacher* was also among the rescuers of that infant in the ark. To be sure, this was the same woman mentioned before; but she was now discharging a different office. God's blessing brought the child back to the bosom it belonged upon. But after this Jochebed considered her charge as belonging to Pharaoh's daughter. He was destined to enter the palace ere long. She had it for her duty to prepare him for his eminent mission. We read in the subsequent history that Moses was educated in all the learning of the Egyptians. But it was the foundation of another sort of knowledge that was laid thus early in his career. This instructor taught him of God, of truth, of equity. And I make a point of this work of her's merely in order to say, that the mother of any child is its fittest teacher, when she can be, and when she can not, that will be its best teacher who is most like a mother.

You see now what was intended when I said that you can choose your own place among these instruments of rescue. There is a share in the saving of children to be given to the youngest and the maturest, for the pauper's child and the king's daughter. Only this much I urge earnestly; the river is rising, time hurries, the ark is exposed.

III. Let me tell you, in the third place, what was the value of that life saved in the ark of bulrushes.

Measured by any standard of earthly estimate, it would not pass for much.

Indeed, why was it not better for an outcast, like that infant Moses, just to slip quietly out from under the cares of life into the grand hereafter at once, and die peacefully into a decenter existence than this? Such a question suggests folly. Drowning is the poorest of all purposes to put a child to. The rescue proves the finest part of the story. One thing is certain, it has been handed down reverently through forty centuries. The child was worth something, or inspiration would not have been so carefully invoked in its favor.

1. It was worth something for its *beauty*. Stephen in the Acts says Moses was "exceedingly fair;" the Greek is, "fair to God," or divinely, celestially fair. There is in the countenance of a child wonderful power to move any man of sensibility. But the loveliness of infancy becomes deformed very soon in outcast children. It is a fearful sight to look upon a little, old, wise child; an infant of years, with maturity thrust upon him before his voice changes; an airy, shrewd politician of the streets and alleys; keen and cunning after food and raiment as a wolf, and worse off than a wolf in that he has to procure raiment. Believe me, even the artless beauty of a child is worth saving. It will be one of the dearest sights in heaven, the sweet faces of children. Angels are waiting to welcome it. They never had any. They were never children themselves. They are all of the same age. They were all created at the same time. They never marry nor are given in marriage. Half the human race die in infancy, and are saved. Oh, it is best to keep something even here to remind us of the joys of the redeemed!

2. It was worth something for its *gifts*. At this time, of course, Moses was the merest infant. Nobody believes the foolish stories which the Rabbins tell of his early precocity, or his boyish exploits. But we know from the disclosure of after history, that there were enfolded in his undeveloped intellect princely possibilities of eminence in attainment and exercise. How little

we know about this question of development! Look at your own hand; it is as good a hand as Michael Angelo's. Why can not it paint on canvas, or carve in stone? It is untaught and unpracticed; but the skill is in it somewhere. So of your memory. So of your imagination. How small a moiety of any man's nature is working at its utmost power. Look out now upon these undisciplined multitudes. A shrewd manufacturer, up among the mountains, discovered a torrent that was wasting itself in irregular leaps from rock to rock; he gave it a flume to run into, and it rolled on far better for itself, and turned a tremendous wheel for him. Why does not some keen-sighted statesman or philanthropist see how much waste of power there is in this frantic struggle for life, which the children of want are making?

3. It was worth something for its *preciousness*. When I look in upon the ark where Moses lies, I can not help thinking of the trustful woman that loved him enough to give him up to the risk of the waters. And I never stand before a great audience of children without saying to myself, somebody loves them. Somebody thinks that each one in turn is the best one of them all. There never was a little child, hardly, in the world that did not have, for at least one moment, a look of unutterable tenderness from the woman whose heart leaped up when she knew it was her own. Just for common humanity's sake, then, it is worth the saving. I honor that matron who leaned over the dying soldier and whispered, "Let me kiss him for his mother!" But beyond this, stands the great love of the Saviour for children. "Take heed that ye despise not one of these little ones." They are unmeasurably precious to him. No creature in the universe, no matter how vicious, no matter how deserted, no matter how repulsive, is so far beyond the pale of charity as to be rejected for an outcast, just so long as there is room enough on his forehead for grace to write the name of the Lamb!

4. It was worth something for its *purpose*.

In every acorn there is an oak. That feeble child, lying desolately in the ark, was mightier than the sun, rolling on its meridian way overhead; for the All-wise had given him a work to do under the plan of redemption. Jochebed little knew what history she was weaving when she plaited the bulrushes together. That tiny hand was one day to wield the rod of Omnipotence over the Red Sea divided, the rock riven, and Amalek routed. Let no man despise children. God sometimes charges even the youngest life with a purpose so transcendent that the angels earnestly desire to look into it.

5. It was worth something for its *destiny*. You look at that child as it is borne up the bank in the arms of its mother. The narrative of the rescue is ended. Pharaoh's daughter has a fresh adventure to relate in the palace, to cause a wonderment for a morning. Then the recollection grows dim, and that Life so strangely saved seems to have vanished from history. Forty years pass by; and anon it reappears in the palace. There it is tempted; then it goes forth into desert experiences, and is lost in the distance. Forty more years pass by; and again you behold its return. A more splendid life the world never saw. At the head of a mighty host, its marvelous march has begun towards the promised land. Miracles drop from the extended hand. Wisdom untold is issuing from the lips inspired. Forty years more pass by; and now at last you see that life, with natural force unabated, and eye not yet grown dim, going bravely up into Mount Nebo to die. Then you have reason to believe it is fairly ended. But fifteen hundred years more pass by; and once more you suddenly discover that life on the summit of another mountain, in the companionship of Immanuel himself, grand in all the radiance of glory, with Elijah and with God! From that Tabor-top of wonderful transfiguration it passes back to its rest, to live and reign forever. When you think of that rescued child, think of all this immortal destiny included. Even Miriam, who sang with her timbrel by the Red Sea, is living yet; and on the sea of glass will yet sing with

her harp the song of Moses and the Lamb.

This, then, is the lesson we learn to-day. The salvation of a child—what is it? It seems so little, but, ah, it is so much! Let me give you just three thoughts to close with.

1. Learn the power of the great common humanity. What Pharaoh's daughter needed was, not abuse, not long exhortation, not tedious appeal, but to be told what to do. When she "saw the child," her heart spontaneously responded. Rich people are all human; most of them are humane. There is no good in judging them harshly. Tell them how.

2. Learn the best kind of monuments. Egypt's king builded the pyramids. Egypt's princess rescued Moses. The

pyramids are out in the sands, trying mutely to perpetuate something, nobody knows what. Moses lives on! Who, then, has the truest remembrance?

3. Learn the greatest reason for thanksgiving. Thank God that you had helpers to save you when you were a child. "Saved by grace!" Oh, what a motto for a man's life! She called the infant Moses, our text says, because she drew him out of the water. Moses means "saved." Think of a child called "SAVED" for his given name! Would it ever forget its history? Well, then, is that not your name? And are you going to remember that you are redeemed by the precious blood of Christ?

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

"THE Union must and shall be preserved," said Andrew Jackson; "Free trade and sailors' rights," said Madison; "Millions for defence, but not a cent for tribute," was the stirring apothegm of Randolph; "We are all Federalists, we are all Republicans," was the famous declaration of Thomas Jefferson. All these speeches have been greatly admired, and regarded as unmistakable evidences of greatness in those who uttered them. They all roused the popular feeling, or, as the saying is, "fired the national heart." We need not say, how utterly hollow the fourth of them proved to be. The first was undoubtedly made with all sincerity of feeling, with all earnestness of purpose at the time. General Jackson meant to preserve the Union, doubtless; his patriotism was unquestioned, and yet we all know how South Carolina triumphed in that business. Clay compromised, Jackson was willing to have it so, and then the rebellious State withdrew her ordinance of nullification; but it was not until the Tariff had been destroyed to please her. The Union was diplomatically preserved, but with a wound that

has made its later preservation cost 3000,000,000 dollars and 1,000,000 men. Still it was a grand saying. It has become a part of our national speech; it has brought great glory to him who made it. It has been used to the reproach of one who was supposed to fall behind Jackson in spirit and energy. O, if we only had at the helm the Hero of New Orleans! How often was this said in the beginning, and almost to the close, of our great conflict! Friends of Lincoln sometimes said it as well as his enemies: "Why don't the man talk like Jackson?" The writer confesses to his having had, at times, no small share of the same feeling. Over and over again, during these terrible years, has he been tempted to say: O why is he so slow? Why does he not rise to the greatness of the occasion? Why all this timid cautiousness, this looking before and after, this watching the symptoms of the times, and the spirit of the nation, until that spirit is paralyzed and destroyed? Why does he not "go ahead?" Why does he not lead the people, instead of seeming to lean upon them, and all but imploring their sup-

port? Why could he not say, like Andrew Jackson, "The Union, it must and shall be preserved," or something like it to fire the national heart? We read of times when Mr. Lincoln was called out, as the saying is. Some delegation address him—it may be of foes or friends—or some crowd gathers beneath his windows. We are disappointed in his oratory. He does not fire them. He only argues with them in his homely* Illinois style. His only object is to *convince*. He seems to think, plain-trusting soul, that he can surely place in other minds the truth, so loved and clear, that lies within his own; and that that is all which is needed. And so he labors with them by fact and argument, by anecdote and reason. O what a time, we say, to have made a speech—a taking speech—to have played the Roman! It might have been done, too, with all sincerity; for *sincerity* is a very cheap and shallow virtue, a mere surface effervescence that may create itself by its own words and imaginings, whilst far below lies that calm spiritual *truthfulness* which formed the deep basis of Mr. Lincoln's character.

Again and again has there been in the writer's mind this feeling of disappointment, only to be followed as often by the same experience and the same confession—Lincoln was right, after all. And then, when the event has justified his words, the thought has come up: what higher than human wisdom, or any human heroism, is so steadily guiding and nerving this man to make his way through wilds and thickets when the highest earthly counsel could only say—Rush madly on, and the very boldness of the action, as it may possibly ruin all, so may it, peradventure, ensure success.

That Abraham Lincoln could use language well and most effectively, we want no better evidence than his well-known

discussion with Mr. Douglas in 1857. And yet he was not distinguished for what is generally styled eloquence. He must have some question of deep interest to discuss. He must have somebody (be it an audience large or small, or even some single individual) to *convince*—to make to feel, calmly, as he ever felt, and to understand clearly as he ever understood. His truthful soul acknowledged no other aim of speech or eloquence than such conviction, as true and clear, and, therefore, as deep and lasting as his own. All else was worthless; all else would be blown away by the next *ad captandum* speech addressed to their likings or their prejudices, their heroic or their unheroic impulses, their higher or their more vulgar emotions.

Mr. Lincoln could have talked like Andrew Jackson. He could not have been as lofty as Webster, or as polished as Everett, but he could have spoken as well as they to the national impulses. Why did he not, then, have more to say about the national flag and the soaring eagle, about "Liberty and Union one and indivisible," and the "manifest destiny" of the American people, and "the Union must and shall be preserved," until he had lifted himself and his hearers into greatness through our sheer American love of saying or hearing great things? The simple answer is that Mr. Lincoln was, in the truest sense, too great to do this—at least in the trying circumstances in which he was placed. It might have done at other times, but now all such *acting* must be put away, for the veritable action, the veritable drama, had come. The stern reality was here. The greatness of Mr. Lincoln's character—and every succeeding age will bring it more to light—was its unsullied truthfulness. He could not say things merely "*for effect*." There is no use in caviling about this term, and saying, what is speech good for at all, if it is not to produce some *effect*? We well understand what is meant by the phrase as thus used. Mr. Lincoln could not do it. He could not well do so at any time, much less in the awfully

*This word "homely" has often been applied to Mr. Lincoln's speeches. Taken rightly, it is just the thing. *Homely* is *home-like*. They are of very different etymologies, but, in some of its applications, *homely* is not far from *comely*.

searching ordeal through which he and the nation were called to pass: the ship upon a lee shore, the crew amazed or treacherous, the billows breaking over her in every direction, the storm thunder rolling above, and the "hell of waters" yawning below. There was but one question, how to escape the

"Ἀδὴν πόντιον"

the "abysmal Hades" of conspiracy of secession and of anarchy, into which we were plunging. It was no time for heroics, no time we say, for *acting*, but for *action*, patient, strong, unwearied. All had been said that could be said. Work and watching were the business of the hour—the eye in every direction, the foot placed firmly for every move, the hand steady for every grasp, that might be required—words, not to be thrown away in vain hurrahs, but reserved for that steady counsel, that well adapted order which the exigencies of each moment might demand for the crew, and which any display of the theatrical, at such a time, might, lead them to neglect. No language was to be used, that might, in any mind, substitute the ideal for the actual, or turn, for an instant, away from truth and duty.

Abraham Lincoln was a most *truthful* man, and this, we say again, was the essential element of his greatness. We have not chosen the word carelessly, as though it denoted merely a good degree of some quite ordinary quality. It is a rare thing—quite rare, among men. *Honesty* is common, *sincerity* is still more common, almost universal we might say, but *truthfulness*, the pure harmony of the inward and the outward man, is a thing not often found on earth, and must, when it occurs, be prized in Heaven. Lincoln has been widely called *honest*. We would not disparage the epithet. Could it rise again to the ancient sense of the Latin *honestas*, it might approach the idea we endeavor to present in the other term; but, as now used, it means but very little. *Sincerity* means still less. A great many men, it may be said, are honest, but we are, almost all of us, sincere—very sincere—in some way. Men are, sometimes, most sincere

when most greatly wicked. Petty crimes are consistent with a wanton hypocrisy that seeks no veil, even from itself; but seldom has there been a great crime committed on the earth without the parties being, in some stages, very sincere, yea, sometimes, very religious in it. Something of both these elements seem almost necessary to what may be called a very great or uncommon sin. We have read history in vain not to see that the amount of sincerity, and even of enthusiasm, that men may have worked themselves into, is often precisely the measure of the evil that is in their hearts; and of the evil they are committing. It is in proportion to the absence of that other quality of deep spiritual truthfulness that might have kept them from the self-deception on which such sincerity is grounded. Who was ever more sincere than Robespierre? Who was ever more sincere than the filibuster Walker? Who had more of this quality than Jefferson Davis? It is the very presence of sincerity without truthfulness that made him, in all these respects, the very opposite of Abraham Lincoln.

"Lord who shall abide in thy tabernacle; who shall dwell in thy holy hill? He that hath clean hands and a pure heart, he that walketh uprightly and worketh righteousness, and speaketh the truth *in his heart*." Here we have the character divinely limned in the xvth and xxivth Psalm. "That speaketh the truth *in his heart*"—speaks it to himself—allows of no lie even in his imagining or his thinking, suffers no shadow of self-deception to darken the light within his own soul, has no ideal with which his actual (though falling below it may well be) is not in perfect serial harmony. O how rare is this, and how sublime! Much as we may try to maintain outward truth in our worldly relations, and easy as we may think it thus to do—for what can be easier, one might say than to be honest, if a man chooses to be it—still this character of being true to one's self amid all the falsities that crowd into our inner as well as our outward being—true in the spirit—"speaking the truth *in the heart*," and *to the heart*—

ἀληθῆς θεῶν ἐν ἀγάπῃ* "truthful in love"—"truth in the inward parts," that truth which God "desireth."† O this is rare, very rare in the world, rare even in the church. This guilelessness of the spirit makes no show outwardly, for it is a light that reflects itself within, but it shines far up in heaven, as one of the rare and precious things of earth, even as the *Urim* and *Thummim*, the "Light and the Truth," that symbolize this state of soul, sent up their clear lustre from the breast-plate of Aaron as "he bore the judgment of the children of Israel upon his heart before the Lord continually."

If there can be such a thing as human merit in the divine sight, it is this perfect truthfulness of soul that loves the truth whenever found, and yet seeks to *appear*, before God and man, no other than what it really is. But we are not disposed to magnify any mere human righteousness. Nothing but that heavenly thing we call grace could have produced such a character, as we conceive it to be, none the less divine though so purely human in its exercise and manifestation. And it *was* grace, we may believe, that formed so true, so truthful, this unpretending, un-professing man—grace working silently in aid of a pious mother during his early life of hardship and obedience—grace supporting him in the trying circumstances in which God had placed him for the salvation of all that was most precious in our American institutions. Mr. Lincoln has been called a self-made man. We do not like the phrase, but are willing to concede that such he might be said to be intellectually, or in respect to the acquisition of more outward knowledge. We can hardly think it of this his higher spiritual state, so true and so unearthly. And here again the two men, before compared, may be said to be in signal contrast. It was rich outward culture that formed Davis intellectually. *Morally* HE was the self-made man, the product of his own unholy selfishness. It was nothing else but his own dark ambition, connected with an utter want of self-revealing truth-

fulness, that gave him that intense sincerity in wrong—that wholly evil sincerity which deluged a peaceful continent in blood.

It has sometimes seemed to the writer that among the surprises that will meet the disrobed spirit in its first transition to another sphere of life, the greatest of all will be an overpowering feeling of reality, such as it never experienced, however honest and sincere it had aimed to be, among the abounding, ever surrounding, outward and inward falsities of the present earthly existence. No concealment now, no disguises, no deceiving others, no hiding from one's self. The very conception has become an impossibility. All things "stand naked and open" before the burning eye of truth; or as the Psalmist says it, "Thou dost set our secret sins in the light of thy countenance." All real; everything appearing just as it is, whether vile or holy, beautiful or deformed. Magnanimity there may be there, evils beyond any present powers of conception, sins of the spirit greater than any sins of the flesh, surpassing any measure now found on earth; but lies forever banished. No word or spiritual utterance can ever go beyond the exact scale of its meaning, either for the soul that hears, or the soul that speaks it. No sentimentalisms, no heroics, no talking "for effect" that does not immediately betray its unmeaningness or its falsehood—it may be to the startling surprise even of him that gives it utterance. No more putting evil for good, or darkness for light. No more confounding the love of opinions with the love of truth. No more misapprehending that oft times intensest form of selfishness, a furious platform zeal, for true philanthropy. No more mistaking our words for our thoughts, our thinking for our becoming, our imaginings for our very being. No more putting an abstract ideal we have *admired* for the low actual we have *chosen*. No more cheating ourselves by substituting specious *reasons* for vile *motives*—the justifying pleas of the intellect, that are ever at hand, for the real moving powers of sense and selfishness that have reigned in our hearts. All this has ceased forever.

* Ephesians iv. 15. † Psalm li, 6.

All deception, whether of ourselves or others, has become a simple impossibility. The shadows are gone, truth has come. In such a spiritual atmosphere the best of men we have known on earth may experience an unwonted chill, a strange awe of the real and the true, they have never so felt before. Our lamented President has gone to that land of reality. We would speak cautiously and reverently here. Doubtless hath he learned more of himself than he ever knew before. Doubtless in the presence of that higher law hath he seen more of his own deficiencies than his humble spirit, though always so truthfully acknowledging them, ever saw on earth. Still would we express the belief that in the throng of souls that are ever passing from this world of falshood, few there are, even of the professedly religious, that will find themselves more in harmony with that unclouded sphere, more serenely at rest in that "divine tabernacle," that "holy hill" of truth, than the loved shade for whose departure we have all so lately and so deeply mourned. "Blessed are the meek. Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy. Blessed are the pure in heart for they shall see God."

But this may seem like trespassing on things too holy. Let us return to Abraham Lincoln's earthly life, to that earthly truthfulness of speech and character on which we love to dwell. He would not, or he could not, say things for mere effect, however much the foe may have sneered at him for his supposed incompetency, or the friend have lamented that he did not popularize his influence by playing the sage or the hero. We could have wished him more, in some respects, like Jefferson and Jackson; but he was neither, and it was a part of his substantial greatness that he would never appear, or wish to appear, that which he was not. Nothing, however, could be more false than to deny him the power of truly effective speaking. How well he could retort when the right occasion arose, and pure truth demanded it, is well known. The men who undertook to lecture him about Vallandigham's arrest will not forget, or, if they are ob-

tuse enough to do so, the nation will long remember, how perfect the reply, how keen the sarcasm—we would call it if its perfect truthfulness, which was its power, did not demand a higher and purer epithet.

It must be confessed, however, that there were times when he was not happy in this business of public speaking. It was rather coarsely said by one who had not been a political friend, that "to save his life Mr. Lincoln could never make a good impromptu speech." There was some truth in this. At times when there was really little to be said—on mere occasions of political ceremony, or of party etiquette—he really made very poor work in expressing himself. Mr. Lincoln could not talk to nothing, or *about* nothing. It is astonishing what a gift, or rather what a knack, some men have for this sort of thing; how glibly they can talk and write, how many words they can use—all pretty fair, grammatical English, too—and yet mean nothing—actually say nothing. The "inexpressibility of their feelings," the "purity of their motives"—this is ever the rondo with variations, carried through every key of the musical scale. Mr. Lincoln could not do this; he had little or nothing to say of the purity of his motives, and seldom alluded at all to his inward feelings. We remember but one occasion of his ever indulging in such a course, but that was memorable for the deep evidence it presented of truth and heartiness. A crowd had gathered to congratulate him on his re-election. He did not, as he could not, suppress the pure gratification which that event afforded; but another thing was struggling in his thoughts, and he must give it utterance. It was the remembrance of his competitor—of the man who had bravely striven with him against the common foe, and who had as earnestly striven against him in the political contest. He thought of his defeat, and the chafing soreness it must occasion to an ardent and sensitive spirit. It seems to have saddened him that his own success

should have been obtained at such a price. "If I know my own heart," says this great, humble man, "it gives me no pleasure to triumph over anybody." No one, whether friend or foe, ever doubted the deep, hearty feeling that prompted the declaration. It was not the words merely, but the fact of their being in such perfect harmony with the entire character of the man, that produced the universal conviction.

Still was it true that Mr. Lincoln could not speak well on mere occasions of ceremony and congratulation. As has been justly said, "he must be argumentative or nothing." He must have something to prove, and somebody to convince. He could gather the men of the prairies, and hold them for long hours as he discussed in his Socratic way, half speech, half dialogue, the vital theme of slavery extension. But he could not talk well from a hurried railway platform; and this thought furnishes the reason why his speeches on his journey from Springfield to Washington, in the winter of 1861, were the poorest he ever made. There were, in fact, two reasons for this, operating together here, though they may seem to stand in paradoxical opposition to each other. The occasions that called for this train-platform oratory were too trifling in themselves, and they were, at the same time, connected with ideas too serious for any mere rhetorical utterance. Too trifling, because they demanded the showman rather than the orator, too important, for it was a time when the truest and bravest hearts were failing, and the wisest among us were "wondering whereunto these strange things would tend." But why not, then, arouse and "fire the popular heart?" Why was he not inspired by the occasion? Alas, it might have been a false inspiration, and Mr. Lincoln dreaded, more than all things else, any imposing on himself or others. He would rather be humbly true than heroically false. He preferred the homeliest speech to any splendid unreality of diction, even though the offspring of that momentary fervor we call sincerity. He could talk to effect

when a true effect was evidently to be the result of what he said. But he must see his way clear before him. To do this, in the circumstances in which our country was then placed, required a superhuman knowledge which (it is no disparagement to say it) neither he, nor any other man, at that time, possessed. But why could he not speak to them of the great things he was going to do? Why not, at least, say, "The Union, it must and shall be preserved?" Alas, he knew not what to do, except to take his solemn oath, towards which he was journeying, and try and keep it, God so helping him. He knew not that "the Union would be preserved," as none of us, at that time knew. He was wiser than the masses, in that he was looking to see how and when the light would break. He was for praying, and asking the prayers of others, as he told his plain Springfield neighbors in that last short and touching speech he made to them. Then he spoke to effect, in the purest sense of the phrase, for he said the only thing that could have been said, or ought to have been said: "Pray for me my neighbors,—O pray for me in bearing this heavy burden, greater than has been laid on any single man since the days of Washington."

Mr. Lincoln could only *appear* what he truly *was*—no more, no less, either to himself or others. This was one of the fixed things of his character, which he could not change. To speak with confidence of what was all unknown was, to him, equivalent to falsehood. He could not boast in the presence of the coming storm; he had too clear a prescience of its magnitude, if not of its result. He could not talk grandiloquently in the rumblings of the threatening earthquake. To stand and listen—that was the true heroic attitude. To "be still and know that God" was passing by—to watch the signs of his presence, the tokens of his frown or favor—"that was wisdom;" to "depart," at such a time, from all boasting speech, from all "vain imaginations"—"that was understanding."

"Pray for me"—never was a request

more heartily made. *Ora pro nobis*—seldom has the invocation, whether made to saints in heaven, or saints on earth, gone forth from a truer sense of its wisdom and its need. This was what he said continually to the clergymen who called upon him. No cant, no patronizing statesmanlike talk about “our holy religion,” and the great value of Christianity to the State; no high profession, no condescension, none of that accommodation to religious feeling which so often betrays its hollowness in high places. No one can deny to Mr. Lincoln a sharp sagacity. He knew the great influence of the clergy. He must have felt how much they deserved to possess that influence from the noble stand they had taken, and the strong aid they were giving to the government in its hour of need. He had every motive to gain their favor, and to talk very orthodoxly, and very evangelically, if that would secure it. His answers were sometimes even blunt. He never courted them, though ever treating them courteously. The Secretary of State had much more of this in his communications to addresses of religious bodies; and of his true and hearty feeling therein we have no doubt; but the President had ever for them this one speech—“Pray for me.” “Mr. Lincoln, do you pray for yourself?” said one. “How should I do without prayer?” was the only reply. It was no merit that he should pray, no religious excellence to be talked about, or retailed in the newspapers. It was a necessity that was laid upon him. As Paul claimed no merit—“Woe to him if he preached not the Gospel,”—even so, as we may say it without any irreverent comparison, was it with Mr. Lincoln. Pray he must; and so he felt it, and so he doubtless practiced during the many anxious days and watching nights whilst the nation’s burden was pressing so heavy upon his soul. He knew that he must sink if he did not pray; and shall it be deemed extravagant to believe that that relief was often given. How else could he have borne it unless the voice had

sometimes come to his heart, if not to his ear of sense: “Fear not, for I am with thee; I hold thee by thy hand;” “let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid.” We would not exaggerate here, but have we not reason to believe that all this is warranted by the fact on which we are dwelling—his earnest, oft-repeated request to “pray for him.”

The speech at Springfield was a most affecting one, but his utterances on the momentous journey referred to were not happy. The popular demand was like that made upon the saddened captives “by the rivers of Babylon.” How could they “sing the songs of Zion in a strange land?” Come make us a speech, said the thronging multitudes, as the train passed rapidly through our towns and cities; come sing us a song of the prairies, come tell us a story. He could have done this in some genial society of his Western home, even as he could do it occasionally when there came a brief relaxation from the stern cares of that “great office wherein he bore himself so meekly.” At such times he could tell “his little story”—“the words come to mind tenderly now”—but in this momentous journey he could have no heart for it. They asked entertainment, excitement, a wordy oratory, yea, “the spoilers required mirth” of this anxious, praying, deeply burdened man. He could not give it them, or if he attempted it, it was poorly done, and under great embarrassment. How could he talk to effect at such a time, without saying something false, or, what is equivalent to the same thing, that which he could not feel that he was truly warranted in saying in the terrible darkness that then-enveloped himself and the nation. He could have said, “The Union must and shall be preserved,” and the crowd would have doubtless shouted, and that would have been very cheering; but he knew how very common had been such shoutings in our history, and in other history, and what came of them. He well knew this, even without that later experience which showed him how easi-

ly the bold bravura, "the nation to be preserved at all hazards," might dwindle down into the squeaking-falsetto, "the constitution as it is," with all the lying sophisms that formed its mean accompaniment. Again, the vaunted speech, or any thing like it, would have been, either a lie, or an expression of undoubted confidence in his own powers, and that the truthful man could not bring himself to utter. His hope was not in himself, not in his party, not in the people—it was alone in God.

In our strange human nature the pathetic and the sublime are, sometimes, not far removed from the light and the humorous. There may be a deeply solemn side to that, which, at first view, seems only fitted to provoke indignation or a smile. During the late Presidential campaign there met the writer's eye, what seemed to be one of the caricature pictures of the occasion. It represented a tall, stooping man, with a heavy burden upon his back, and carefully picking his way upon a rope drawn across the boiling Niagara. It was a comparison of Mr. Lincoln to Blondin when he carried his freight of a human life along that perilous passage. Indignation was the first feeling at an association of ideas that seemed degrading. An enemy hath done this, we said. A closer examination, however, showed that that was not so certain. At all events, there soon arose a new feeling that dispelled all thought of the light and the ludicrous. Only change the ideal, and no representation, by word or painting, could so picture the thought of vast and perilous responsibility. The freight thus carried by this stooping figure was a nation's life. Across the yawning abyss of anarchy was it to be steadily borne. Beneath was the awful gulf into which one false step, one moment of faintness, one nervous tremor, one rash advance, or one timid stepping back, would have inevitably plunged the priceless cargo. No wanton display this, no fool-hardy device to draw together a brutal crowd. Every thought of that kind disappears at once from the spiritual of the picture. It was a dire necessity that forced this lonely

man across the fearful passage. The burden was one he could not lay down. There was no other road but this, the untried way, that no American before him had been ever called to travel. One bank had been left, and the other must be reached, or all was lost. No mere speculative wisdom, no mere political theorizing, could stand him now in stead. He must look away from this and go sounding on

His dim and perilous way,

by other guidance, and by other strength. An undiverted eye, a steady hand, a firm and cautious foot, a nerve that never trembled, a strength that never gave up to weariness—these were the *practical* qualities required. Distrust of self, and yet an unwavering trust in a higher promised wisdom, these were the *moral* requisites which the dangerous hour demanded. Faith in God, a steady looking to the right and the reasons of it, these for the time, superseded those other *intellectual* needs that some would call higher, but which the wants of the occasion placed far below. "Watch and pray"—these were to Mr. Lincoln his all of political wisdom, his all of intellectual statesmanship, at that time, either available or of value. It was the greatness of his character and of his wisdom that made him see this, and enabled him to resist the temptation of being great, or of seeming great, in some other way. And was it little? Who will say so that has any sense of the difficulty that lay in crossing at this dangerous point of our history—or in carrying the nation and the constitution, safe from shore to shore along this narrow way.

Who can estimate the steadiness and strength of soul required for such a performance. "Go on—go on—move faster, or you will fail," said the clamoring multitude on one side. "Back—back—not another step in that direction," was ever shouted from another quarter. But nothing could either turn or hurry him. To have lost sight, for one moment, of his pressing responsibility, to have given way to any factitious feeling, to have made boasts that he could not have been certain of performing, to have indulged

in any heroics that would not be in strictest harmony with the awful reality—might have brought on the dreadful catastrophe; they certainly could, at that time, have had no influence in preventing it, if it came from any other failure. Mr. Lincoln would not do these heroic things. Some might say that he could not—that he had not the talent for them. This is assuming much for those who know how poor, in general, are such displays, and how little, either of talent or of genius, they require. But, granting such incapacity of speech and daring, it does not injuriously affect our view of the substantial greatness we are contemplating. It may even be all the greater for the lack. It did, indeed, most sorely try our patience. Oh, how slow he moved sometimes, or seemed to move, as every eye was strained in watching from either shore! With what caution did he place the lever by which he had his balance, now on this side, and now on that; how carefully poised was every step, how firmly held when taken! Had he obeyed the opposite voices that ever shouted in his ears—"rash man"—"time-serving man"—and stayed his step, or rushed madly ahead; or, had he given up in bewildered and despairing helplessness, how terrible the fall!—we see it now—how dire the wreck that might have ensued, and, in all probability, would have ensued, from one false move at such a time, and with such a precious freight as the people in their party caprice, perhaps, but God in his all-seeing wisdom, had placed upon him.

And so for the four long years of peril and anxiety. How, at times we held our breath at the contemplation of the scene—the awful dangers of the way, the ever-swinging rope, the alternations of success and fear, that heavy load, that stooping form, that fearful uncertainty. There is no danger of overstating it. There are times when we are fond of boasting, and may, indeed, boast with much justice, that the nation's destiny is not dependent on any one man's firmness, or any one man's wisdom. But

that boast could not have been made two years ago. Whatever the causes that produced so strange a state of things, the national life seemed committed to one man's watching soul, its heavy burden seemed laid on one man's wearied back; there were others to help, to cheer and counsel him, and yet it may be said that all depended upon his firmness, his wisdom, and his fidelity. To go back to our figure, on which we have dwelt, and for which we hope the reader will pardon us—one misdirected sign, one wrong movement to the right or left, one step too fast or slow, too timid or too rash, might have been a national ruin as inevitable as any plunge into the boiling eddies of the Niagara.

But the long time of agony drew near to its close; the other shore is reached; the precious freight of life is saved. The multitudes are crowding to offer their congratulations to the man whose strength and steadiness had gone through this awful trial. Who had a better right to triumph? But so it was not to be. More favored, in one respect, than Moses, he had reached the expected land, but it was only to die, almost as soon as he had placed his foot upon its shore. We will not speak of the manner of his death; but when—to use the touching language of Mr. Garrison—"when was man so mourned?" That "rain of tears"—was there ever anything like it in our American history? Millions crowded to his funeral. Five hundred thousand, it is estimated, gazed upon that dead face, as onward, by day and night, the sad procession moved through the cities, towns, and hamlets of our land. The writer witnessed it at an inland station, where no outward show of preparation could be made. Still there, as elsewhere, while the dark draped car moved slowly through, was there the manifestation of the same substantial sorrow—the silent crowd, the spontaneously uncovered head, while drops were stealing down the manly cheek, and muffled sobs betrayed the female grief. All hearts were softened, all malice silenced, all party spirit

hushed. The spiritual preciousness of that season, its moral value to the nation, who shall estimate? Some faint cavil has been heard that Bishop Potter should have called Mr. Lincoln a martyr. But surely he was such in both the senses of the term. He died in defence of righteousness; his death, though so deeply mourned as a loss, has had a healing moral influence as striking as any physical cure that truth or legend has ascribed to the graves of martyred saints.

We can not charge our language with extravagance. Surely is there some special lesson that God has intended to teach us by this life and death, and without irreverence may it be said, we think that it is not difficult to find it out. We have had great men, so called, of many kinds, great statesmen, great orators, philosophic Presidents and military ones, all famed for greatness in our glowing eulogies. We boast of acute publicists, talented editors, wise diplomatists, and learned lawyers. We have called ourselves a great and wise people. There has been no measure to our self-laudation. We have been offensive, in this respect, to the other nations

of the earth. At last God sends dire calamities upon us, or he suffers us to bring them upon ourselves; but in the midst of them he prepares for us a remarkable man—a model, too, of greatness, but of a different kind from that in which we had taken so much offensive pride. It is a moral, rather than a heroic and an intellectual greatness; though the two latter kinds are by no means wanting. He who was thus raised up was something more than *sincere* and *honest*. He was that rare character, a most TRUTHFUL MAN, in all its rare sublimity. He was purely an American, and yet without the least tincture of our country's greatest fault. He well performed the work that was given him to do "in his great office," and then departed to his rest. He is our model man. This is the heroism we are called to admire as especially becoming us in view of our idols of the past. Let us receive our chastisement, let us learn the lesson, let us revere the memory of this meek greatness; let us reform from our besetting national sin; let us hereafter put away all boasting, with its inseparable attendants, oppression and wrong, from our future American history.

'TIS HARD TO DIE IN SPRING-TIME.

'Tis hard to *die* in Spring-time,
When, to mock my bitter need,
All life around runs over
In its fullness without heed:
New life for tiniest twig or tree,
New worlds of honey for the bee,
And not one drop of dew for me
Who perish as I plead.

'Tis *hard* to die in Spring-time,
When it stirs the poorest clod;
The wee Wren lifts its little heart
In lusty songs to God;
And summer comes with conquering march;
Her banners waving 'neath the arch
Of heaven, where I lie and parch—
Left dying by the road.

'Tis hard to die in Spring-time,
When the long blue days unfold,

And cowslip-color'd sunsets
Grow, like Heaven's own heart, pure gold!
Each breath of balm brings wave on wave
Of new life that would lift and lave
My life, whose *feel* is of the grave,
And mingling with the mould.

But sweet to die in Spring-time,
When these lustres of the sward,
And all the breaks of beauty
Wherewith Earth is daily starr'd,
For me are but the outside show,
All leading to the inner glow
Of that strange world to which I go—
For ever with the Lord.

O sweet to die in Spring-time,
When I reach the promised Rest,
And feel His arm round me—
Know I sink back on His breast:

His kisses close these poor dim eyes;
Soon I shall hear Him say, "Arise,"
And, springing up with glad surprise,
Shall know Him, and be blest.

'Tis sweet to die in Spring-time,
(For I feel my golden year

Of Spring and life eternal
Is beginning even here!
"Poor Ellen!" now you say and sigh,
"Poor Ellen!" and to-morrow I
Shall say "Poor Mother!" and, from the
sky,
Watch *you*, and wait *you* there.

SUNDAY THOUGHTS.

HIS TIME IS BEST.

"Now Jesus loved Martha, and her sister, and Lazarus. When he had heard, therefore, that he was sick, he abode two days still in the same place where he was."—JOHN xv. 5, 6.

If we did not know the subsequent history, this conduct on the part of our Lord towards those whom he loved would seem most inexplicable; to Lazarus and his sister it must even then have been so. He loved them—he knew of the sore sickness, *therefore* "he abode still in the same place where he was!" Perhaps it may be so even now with you, O Christian reader, or with some one as dear to you as Lazarus was to his sisters. Your Lord loves your friend, he loves you, yet he does not take away the sickness. Day by day you tell him in lowly prayer, "Lord, he whom thou lovest is sick!" but he does not come to heal; he does not even say, as he said to the centurion, "I will come and heal him." Oh now is the time when faith is tried, now is the time to trust him, when you can not see his ways. Remember the precious history in this chapter; look at the empty grave of Lazarus; there you read the meaning of the long delay; you will there be strengthened to believe that with you, as with him, "this sickness is not unto death, but for the glory of God, that the Son of God might be glorified thereby," "Rest in the Lord, and wait patiently for him."

ACTIVE AND PASSIVE LOVE.

"Charity suffereth long, and is kind."—1 COR. xiii. 4.

Two kinds of charity are here expressed; first, the love of long suffering; the meek, patient, unselfish love, that "beareth all things," that "is not easily provoked," that loves on in spite of the un-

worthiness of its object,—forgetting itself for the good of another,—that neither faints nor wearies at disappointment of opposition, but seeks to win by persevering,—this is the first-mentioned manifestation of love, powerful though *passive*; this is the charity that "*suffereth long*." The second is like unto it, yet different; it is not content unless it is *active*; it goes about doing good; it labors for others with the look of love in its eye, as well as the warmth of love in the heart; it finds out and relieves sorrow; it comforts the mourner; it enters, like the blessed sunshine, into the house of sadness and darkness, and imparts its own light and warmth to the afflicted heart; this is the charity that "*is kind*." And where can we find those two so united in one as in the life of Him whose whole life was love? Behold his meekness and long suffering! How patiently he bore with sinners! Behold his days spent in doing good to men, his acts of kindness, his crowning act of self-sacrifice for our sins,—behold these and say: "Herein is Love!"

SUFFICIENCY AND INSUFFICIENCY.

"Not that we are sufficient of ourselves to think anything as of ourselves; but our sufficiency is of God."—2 COR. iii. 5.

We are perpetually forgetting this, and in order to bring the lesson home to us, God is perpetually bringing to nothing our best-concerted schemes, in which, however, we have trusted to no wisdom but our own. Then we are too apt to go to the other extreme, and say: "It is of no use trying to do good," forgetting on the other hand that "our sufficiency is of God." He says to us in a hundred ways: "Without me ye can do nothing." If we had Paul's faith we should answer: "I can do all things through Christ strength-

ening me." But it is only through the teachings of experience that we learn these things, and we are but dull scholars at best! And yet there is the greatest comfort in being firmly possessed of the faith that, weak as we are, we may be strong in him; insufficient as we are, we may

find sufficiency in him for all our needs. For he is our Father, and the wants which we confess and bewail in every effort that we make to do anything in his service, are the very wants which he, in his fatherly love and kingly riches, is ever ready to supply.

Pages for the Young.

MARGERY.

THE bells of the village church had been ringing sweet and clear, and the sound was borne on the summer air miles away, making solemn music, which was very pleasant to a little lonely heart.

On the stone steps of the farm-house, watching the shadows, or looking now and then with a wishful glance toward the bright sky, sat Margery.

Margery who? "That was all, she had no other name," she said, when strangers questioned her.

Farmer James had found her one wintry night on a snow-drift by the road side. She was warmly wrapped and sheltered from the storm. Several changes of clothing, a sum of money, a paper on which was written 'Margery,' were in a basket near. She had been kept by the farmer's wife, who hoped some day to be rewarded, and who at first built many air-castles, which had for their foundation the coming of Margery's rich friends. She was sure they were rich she said, for the child's clothing was fine and soft, and the lace upon the little dresses was worth more than her best Sunday gown.

But as years passed and these unknown persons gave no sign, she grew weary of her charge, and by degrees indifference gave way to actual unkindness.

Poor little Margery, what had she done, and why was she so unlike the happy children whom she sometimes met? She often wondered, as she did that Sunday afternoon, sitting in the sunshine, how many miles off heaven was, and whether she could walk there if she tried? "I wish I knew," she said. "I wish I knew which road to take, and had somebody to go with me, for I am so tired of living here!"

Little children who, with folded hands, say your, "Now I lay me down to sleep," who are laid to rest by loving hands, with your mothers' good-night kisses on your

lips—little happy children—how blest are you who read wonderingly of this child, whose life was so unlike your own!

Margery had been taken once by a kind neighbor with her children, to the village Sunday-school. There she heard, for the first time of a beautiful place called heaven, the home of God and his angels. The good old minister was talking of Jesus, of the little ones whom he had blest while on earth, whom he still loved in heaven, where after death good children would go to be shining angels in the sky.

Margery went home like one in a happy dream. She scarcely heard the scolding words that Mrs. James poured out like a torrent. She should not always have to be scolded and beaten. She should not always be tired and lonely. There was some one who would love her, if she only could reach him; there was a beautiful home if she only knew the way there.

She kept the sweet thoughts in her little sad heart; dreamed of them when she slept, and took comfort in them as she went upon her errands day by day, or tended the fretful child whose mother had so little pity for her desolation.

One morning when the busy dame seemed to be in an unwonted mood, more gentle than she remembered to have seen her, Margery took courage and ventured to ask information on the subject that had occupied so many of her thoughts.

"If you please ma'am how far is it to heaven?"

The astonished woman dropped her iron, putting in danger thereby her good man's Sunday linen.

"What put that into your head I'd like to know?"

Poor frightened Margery, for once her anxiety to hear something of the blissful home she was determined to seek, gave her courage.

"I heard the minister talk about God in heaven, and I thought if it wasn't too far and I could find the way I'd like to get there."

"Well, I never," said Mrs. James, and turning fiercely upon the child, "Do you think its a place for the like of you? because, if you do you're mistaken, I can tell you. Try to get there indeed! I think you *may* try! Now just do you go and shell them peas, and don't let me hear you talk such foolishness again!"

So the child went out once more into the shadow that had so long been like a pall on her heart, and the great hope that had been as a sunny gleam for a little while, suddenly faded out of her yearning heart.

But the longing was still there. Margery had never been taught a prayer; she did not know that God could read her every thought and wish; that his eye of love was always watching over her; if she had, she would not have fallen asleep so often, with her cheek wet with tears, or have looked around on the meadows, and up into the sky as then with such a hungry feeling for love and kindness.

She was alone, as she had often been on Sabbath days; no mother's loving fingers fashioned dainty robes for Margery: "she ought to be thankful" Mrs. James told her, "to have such decent clothes, it wasn't every one who would give them to her—but for *her* part, she couldn't abide rags!"

The decent clothes, however, made so poor a show that she did not choose to exhibit the child who wore them, to gossiping neighbors.

So the little girl staid quietly at home,

alone, as I said before, except that "Watch," the house dog, moved lazily after her when she walked about, and sometimes rubbed his cold nose against her hand, and wagged his tail, as much as to say, "Don't fret, here is one friend for you!"

And the great Friend above all others, whom Margery did not know, looked down upon the lonely child, and saw how desolate her young life was. So it was, that but a few more Sabbaths found her in the accustomed place upon the doorstep, or in the meadow, or looking out at night, from her little window, at the shining stars.

There came a time, when a dreadful fever took from many homes, one and another, who were sadly missed, and its fatal touch was laid on Margery, for whom no one cared on earth, but who was just as precious in God's sight, as those whose graves were wet with many tears.

The bright spirits whom we can not see, though they are often near, watched over Margery. A neighbor who had buried her own little daughter was sitting by the child at the last, and thinking she asked for water took it to her: "Isn't it beautiful, beautiful?" said the little one, "I shall get to heaven after all, they've come to show me the way! "Isn't it beautiful?" and with a smile on her lips, and a light in her eyes that made her face gloriously fair, the soul of little Margery was borne up to the Beautiful Land, and the songs of the angels welcomed her, where she could never be sad nor lonely any more!

THE CHILD AND THE SUNSHINE.

THRO' the door-way flowed the sunshine
In a flood of molten gold;
Like a cataract of Glory,
Down the rifted clouds it rolled.

While a child upon the carpet,
Laughing ran to where it lay,
With his little hands out-reaching,—
Like a dream it fled away.

For a cloud had wandered o'er us,
And the blue of heaven had gone,
And the dark wings of the tempest
Beat the sullen air, alone.

Still, the child, his hands extended,—
Gazed upon the vacant floor,
Waiting, watching, for the sunshine
Which would come that day no more.

Happy childhood! watching, waiting,
In your sweet and rosy glow,
You will follow Hopes as fleeting,
In the path your feet must go!

And your longing heart will linger
While the Joy-rays dimly burn,
For the warm and pleasant sunshine
That will never more return!